The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 599. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

AMERICA BREAKS WITH GERMANY.

President Wilson's Call to Neutrals to Take Similar Action.

BERNSTORFF RECEIVES HIS PASSPORTS.

The United States have severed diplomatic relations with Germany as a sequel to the Germans' submarine threat.

Count Bernstorff was handed his passports, and Mr Gerard, the U.S.A. Ambassador to Berlin, has been recalled.

President Wilson is urging other neutral Powers to join with him in his action. The President's action is finding strong support throughout the States.

The United States propose raising an army of two million men, and amongst the other proposals is the institution of universal service.

The steamer Appam, captured as a prize by the raider Moewe, and taken to Norfolk, Virginia, has been seized by the Americans. Several interned ships have been found to be damaged since the report of the break with Germany was announced.

BERNSTORFF TO GO.

GERARD RECALLED FROM BERLIN.

Washington, Saturday.

Diplomatic relations between the United States of America and Germany have been severed.

Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, has been given his passports, and Mr Gerard, the United States Ambassador in Berlin, has been recalled.

President Wilson will address a joint meeting of Congress at two o'clock, giving notice of the breaking off of diplomatic relations.

The President completed his message this morning, and made immediate arrangements to sever diplomatic relations, following upon his conference with the members of the Cabinet and Senators yesterday, which convinced the President that the country would stand solidly behind him.

At the hour fixed for the President's address to the Congress an attache of the State Department delivered to the German Ambassy passports for Count Bernstorff, his wife, and staff and his suite, comprising over a hundred persons. A Note, believed to be substantially the same as the President's address, was included in the communication to Count Bernstorff.

It is stated that the United States Government will take the same step with regard to Germany's Allies if they too announce a policy of unrestricted submarine warfare.

COUNTRY BACKS UP WILSON.

How Bernstorff Received The Decision.

Washington, Saturday.

News of the President's decision came like a thunderclap, but everywhere there were expressions of support and approbation.

In Congress an amendment was immediately introduced in the House of Representatives to the Revenue Bill proposing the issue of five hundred million dollars of non-interest bearing Treasury Notes to complete naval and military preparedness.

Prompt steps were taken to meet any disturbances by German sympathisers.

Mr Daniels, Secretary for Navy, has issued orders enforcing the strictest precautions in the navy yards and naval stations. At the urgent request of the Administration there the Senate's Judiciary Committee will consider measures to protect the United States against conspiracy resulting from rupture with Germany at a special Session after the President's address to the Congress.

Senator Lodge and nearly every other prominent leader of both parties are emphatic in their approval of the President's course. "I'm with him," shouted Mr Lodge when told the news.

Count Bernstorff received the information what is described as a tearful mood, and said that he expected it. "Nothing else," he added, "was left to the United States to do. I wonder how I'm to get home."

Feverish activity was noticeable at the Embassy to-day. Many of the Attaches are beginning to remove their personal effects. It is stated that the Swiss Legation will assume charge of German deplomatic interests in the United States.

WILSON'S CALL TO NEUTRALS

TO BREAK RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

Washington, Saturday.

President Wilson calls upon all neutrals to follow his Government's action in breaking diplomatic relations with Germany.

The breaking off of diplomatic relations with Austria-Hungary is expected, but it is not clear whether the United States has yet received a formal notification from Austria endorsing Germany's attitude regarding submarine warfare.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN HOLLAND.

Chances of Remaining Out Grows Smaller.

Hague, Saturday.

The Vaderland in a leading article says that in Holland great excitement has been caused by the rupture between Germany and America. It refers to the growing alienation from Germany of other countries, and says that even for Holland the chances of remaining outside the conflict become daily smaller. The paper goes on to declare that Germany will herself have to bear the consequences of her ruthless policy.

SPAIN PREPARING REPLY TO GERMANY.

Madrid, Saturday.

The King held a Council to-day at the Palace, which began at 10 a.m. and lasted three hours.

Count Romanones, in an interview, said that Germany's blockade Note and its consequences had been considered from every point of view, and that measures contemplated by the Cabinet and the steps they would probably take had been laid before King Alfonso.

Count Romanones stated that no definite decision had yet been arrived at regarding the reply to the German Note.

SUPPORT FOR THE PRESIDENT.

To Stick To His Sussex Note.

New York, Saturday.

The United Press Agency's Washington correspondent says that since the delivery of the German Note the people of America for the first time appeared to realise the possibility of a crisis. This realisation had its result in according President Wilson practically undivided support in the Senate in any step he should think fit to take.

Thousands of telegrams from the countryside flowed in assuring Mr Wilson of support, though there were a number of others that urged him to go slow towards an actual break.

The President, it may be stated, was absolutely determined to adhere to the Sussex Note.

New York, Saturday.

The House of Representatives of the State of Indianapolis has passed unanimously the following resolution:—"We are behind President Wilson in whatever action he may take."

STATES' MILITARY PLANS.

TO RAISE ARMY OF TWO MILLION MEN.

UNIVERSAL SERVICE TO BE ADOPTED.

Washington, Saturday.

It is learned that the general plans of the Army Staffs involve, first, the using of the regular army and militia as the nucleus for the training of an army of 2,000,000 a year, of which none will be sent to Europe during that period;

Secondly—To obtain the passage of a universal military service law, and to call out the first three classes under it;

Thirdly—The establishment of extensive training camps in every State;

Fourthly—The speeding up of the organisation and supply of munitions and plants.

This general plan follows that of Japan, which is not to send troops to Europe, but steadily to prepare.

The latest returns of the United States Army available are those for 1915, in the midsummer of which the regular army and Porto Rico regiment contained some 5000 officers and 93,000 men. No serious increase in these figures can have taken place in the last year and a half, as the total enlisted strength of the United States is prohibited by law from exceeding 100,000 at any one time, and new legislation on the subject, although actively discussed, has not yet materialised. Apart from the regular army—which is organised in fifteen regiments of cavalry, six of field artillery, thirty three-battalions regiments, and one two-battalions regiment of natives—there are State Militias, which in 1915 had an effective strength of about 132,000.

The usual calculation has been that in the event of war the United States could put into the field 60,000 or 70,000 regular troops and 80,000 or 90,000 partially trained National Guard.

CLOSING U.S. EMBASSY IN BERLIN.

Removing Americans From Germany.

Washington, Saturday.

Mr Gerard, the United States Ambassador to Berlin, has been instructed to close the Embassy in Berlin.

All the Consulates in Germany will also be closed, and the Embassy Attaches, Consuls, and Consular agents and their staffs will be brought out of Germany, making the severance of relations complete.

Mr Gerard has been advised to get out of Germany all Americans who desire to leave.

Spain will take over the diplomatic interests of the United States in Berlin.

Geneva, Saturday.

A private message from Berlin states that German opinion is now reconciled to an early rupture with the United States. Mr Gerard saw the Chancellor late last night, and, according to a report from Munich, will probably have an audience with the Kaiser on Monday.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

According to the Ekstrabladet, Mr Gerard, in the event of a conflict between the United States and Germany, will go to Copenhagen. There is, however, no authoritative confirmation of this statement.

CANADIANS CHEER THE PRESIDENT.

Montreal, Saturday.

The publication of extra editions of newspapers announcing that the United States had severed diplomatic relations with Germany created tremendous excitement in the streets, which were quickly filled with thousands of men struggling to buy papers and get near the bulletin boards. Cheers were raised for President Wilson and the United States.

AMERICAN SHIP TORPEDOED.

PRESIDENT TO TAKE PROMPT ACTION.

London, Saturday Night.

The Central News learns that the American steamer Housatonic, of 3143 tons, belonging to the Housatonic Steamship Company, of New York, has been sunk by a German submarine.

PRESIDENT AND A U-BOAT OUTRAGE.

Washington, Saturday.

President Wilson said that if American ships and lives were sacrificed he will go before Congress and ask for authority to use any means necessary for the protection of our seamen and people, though we do not desire a hostile conflict with the German Government.

APPAM SEIZED BY AMERICANS.

Position of Interned Liners.

Washington, Saturday.

The Federal officers have taken possession of the steamer Appam, which is now lying in Norfolk Harbour, Virginia.

New York, Saturday.

There are no signs of activity on board the big German liners lying in American harbours. They are all being most carefully watched at the present moment.

Hoboken (N.J.), Saturday.

It is authoritatively reported that the German liner George Washington has been damaged. Its machinery has been broken and disconnected in such a way as to render the vessel practically useless.

New London, Connecticut, Saturday.

A cargo intended for the German submarine freighter Deutschland is in flames. The fire was observed soon after word was received that America had broken off relations with Germany.

New York, Saturday.

It is announced that the sailing of American line steamship St Louis has been postponed until noon on Sunday.

ATTEMPT TO SINK U.S.A. WAR VESSEL.

Philadelphia, Saturday.

The torpedo boat Jacob Jones arrived last night from Boston to have her turbines examined. She lay in mid-stream, and when tugs began to warp her into dock she began to sink.

The crew, however, succeeded in closing the seacocks, which had been opened, and the vessel was thus kept afloat. An engineer's mate has been arrested on suspicion.

AUSTRIAN STEAMER DAMAGED.

New York, Saturday.

The police report that, coincident with the news of diplomatic relations with Germany, the piston heads and other parts of the engines of the Austrian cargo steamer Himalaya, lying in an estuary of New York Harbour, were smashed with crowbars and axes.

DEMAND FOR RELEASE OF CAPTURED AMERICANS.

Washington, Saturday.

The United States has made a formal demand to Germany immediately to release the Americans who were taken prisoners by the South Atlantic raider.

In connection with the demand to Germany to release American prisoners from the steamers Georgia and Mount Temple and Voltaire, it is announced that sixty Americans are now confined in the prison camp at Daelmin, in Westphalia.

BERNSTORFF AND THE SAFETY OF U.S. SHIPS.

Washington, Saturday.

When Bernstorff was asked what would happen if President Wilson authorised Congress to take steps to protect American rights and lives at sea, he replied—"If American warships are going to convoy ammunition to the Allies I cannot say what will happen."

WILSON'S SPEECH.

DRAMATIC SCENES IN CONGRESS.

Washington, Saturday.

There was an unusually large attendance of diplomatists to hear the President's address to the Congress, including practically all the South American representatives and those of many other neutral States.

The solemnity of the occasion was increased by the presence of the Justices of the Supreme Court and the members of the Cabinet and other high officials.

As usual, a committee representing both Houses escorted the President to the Speaker's dais. All present rose when the President entered. Then there was a burst of cheering and hand-clapping as the President, his face set and without the suggestion of a smile, bowed and began reading his address in slow and measured words amid deep silence.

President's Speech.

President Wilson's address was as follows—

The Imperial German Government on January 31 announced to this Government and to the Governments of other neutrals that on and after February 1 they would adopt a policy with regard to the use of submarines against all shipping seeking to pass certain defined areas of the High Seas to which it is clearly my duty to call your attention.

Let me remind the Congress that on 18th April last, in view of the sinking of the Sussex by a German submarine without summons and without warning, and the consequent loss of life of American citizens, a Note was sent to the German Government.

In his address the President, another message says, pointed out that the severence of relations with Germany indicates that the American Government has lost confidence in Germany, but that this does not necessarily mean an outbreak of hostilities.

WORKED ALL NIGHT ON ADDRESS.

Washington, Saturday.

President Wilson rose and breakfasted at his usual hour, after which he summoned Mr Tumulty, his secretary. When Mr Tumulty arrived back at the executive offices his face showed the gravest concern as he announced that the President had decided to address Congress. The President worked late into the night writing out his speech on his own typewriter.

Washington, Saturday.

It is learned that preparations for any eventuality have been going on for weeks. The President reached his decision yesterday morning, but held up his decision in order that preparations might be completed to the last detail.

U BOATS' INCREASED SUCCESS.

METHOD OF WARFARE SIMPLIFIED.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to the Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant, Captain Persius, writing in the Berliner Tageblatt, says:—

The danger of German submarines being attacked by enemy merchantmen has now been obliterated. Henceforth our submarines are free to use without hesitation their torpedoes and their other weapons whenever they may consider it necessary. Their methods of warfare have been simplified, and these must, according to all human calculations, produce increased success.—P.A. War Special.

THIRTY THOUSAND TONS SUNK.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A message from Berlin states submarines recently returned report the sinking of twenty-one vessels with a tonnage of 30,000.

The cargoes included 7500 tons of coal, and 5000 tons of ore.

ENEMY RAIDERS PUNISHED.

CAUGHT UNDER OUR GUN FIRE.

GAINS AND LOSSES IN AIR FIGHTS.

London, Saturday Night.

The following report was received from British General Headquarters, dated 8.30 to-night:—

Hostile raiding parties were driven off during the night east of Bouchavesnes and in the neighbourhood of Arras. The enemy suffered considerable losses from our artillery fire while retiring.

North of the Ancre our positions on the Beaumont Hamel ridge have been further improved.

We entered the enemy's lines early this morning south of Armentieres, and secured a few prisoners.

The enemy blew a mine last night east of Ypres, doing insignificant damage. We have occupied the crater.

Successful bombardments were carried out by us to-day north of the Somme and in the neighbourhood of Beaucourt, Arras, and Armentieres. Elsewhere the usual artillery activity has continued on both sides.

A number of fights took place in the air yesterday, in the course of which two German aeroplanes were destroyed and two others driven down damaged. Three of our machines are missing.

GERMAN AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

French Take Prisoners in Patrol Encounters.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The following French communique was issued to-night:—

In the course of the day there was intermittent shelling at various points of the front.

Patrol encounters took place in the region of Bezonvaux. We took some prisoners.

Aviation.—Two enemy aeroplanes were brought down in our lines by the fire of our special guns, one towards Oulches, Aisne; the other near Blanc Sablon region of Beaurieux.

TROOPS MASSING ON WEST.

CONCENTRATION ON DUTCH BORDER.

FALKENHAYN'S NEW COMMAND.

London, Saturday.

At intervals recently the Dutch papers have published reports of German troop concentration at places along the Dutch eastern frontier.

Further reports of fresh massings of German troops at other places near the boundaries of the Dutch provinces of Overijessel and Gelderland were printed yesterday, says an Amsterdam correspondent.

FALKENHAYN'S NEW COMMAND.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The Telegraph learns from a German source that General von Falkenhayn has arrived at Muenster, where a great force is concentrated.

London, Saturday Night.

Von Falkenhayn was recently heard of as the General in charge of the German offensive in Roumania. His name disappeared from the communiques, and it was supposed he had gone to take control of the Bulgarian attack on Salonika. His appearance at Muenster gives colour to the reports of large enemy concentrations in the Lorraine provinces.

GERMAN TROOP TRAIN IN COLLISION.

100 KILLED OR INJURED.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Tyd publishes a telegram from Kerkrade reporting a serious disaster near Herzogenrath on the line from Aix La Chapelle to Duesseldorf. A military train ran into a passenger train, and it is stated that a hundred people were killed or injured.

The frontier has been completely closed by soldiers, so that nobody may approach the scene of the disaster.

In Herzogenrath and other frontier villages church bells are tolling, and help is being hurriedly brought from all directions.

BIG SUMS FOR WAR LOAN

Applications for War Loan continue to be made from all parts of the country.

Messrs Gray & Co., shipbuilders, West Hartlepool, have applied for £100,000 in War Loan, £80,000 being new money.

Wm. Cresswell Gray, head of the firm, has applied for £50,000 (£40,000 new money).

The trustees of the late Sir Wm. Gray for £52,500 (£11,000 new money).

It is also announced that Roper & Co. have subscribed £1,530,000 to the Loan £350,000 being new money.

U BOATS NEW CAMPAIGN.

DANISH COMPANIES STOP SAILINGS.

DUTCH VESSEL SUNK.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

The Svea Steamship Company, of Stockholm has stopped all traffic, not only in the North Sea, but also with America.

The Gotha Steamship Company has stopped its traffic with Holland.

DUTCH VESSEL SUNK.

Amsterdam, Saturday.—News has been received that the Dutch steamer Gamma, of Bothnia Company, Amsterdam, has been sunk. The Telegraaf learns that the crew of the Gamme has been saved.

OUTSPOKEN DUTCH CRITIC

Gibes At Huns' Desperation.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Some Dutch vessels have already asked permission to put to sea at their own risk. Permission has been granted to them to do so.

The military correspondent of the Tyd, who can in no way be regarded as biassed in favour of the Entente Powers, says that Germany's new ruthless submarine warfare is to be regarded as an act of desperation and a recognition of her powerlessness to win a victory on land against the Entente armies.

HAS DONE HER WORST ALREADY.

Dewsbury, Saturday.

Mr Runciman, M.P., addressing a War Loan campaign meeting at Dewsbury to-day, said the Germans had become more desperate because they had become more hopeless. The latest submarine threats should cause no increased nervousness in Britain, because Germany had done her worst already. Everything now depended on the financial support given to the Allied Governments.

STARVING GERMANY.

SOLDIERS BEG FOR CRUSTS.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The frontier correspondent of the Telegraaf has interviewed a great number of Germans, who all gave sad descriptions of the situation in Germany.

Fifty per cent. of all the town people are said to be suffering from cardialgia. A terribly high percentage of children are dying, especially in Berlin. The scarcity of milk is especially great in densely-populated districts, and in various towns the authorities have appealed to the surrounding rural districts for a supply of milk. In order to make Marshall von Hindenburg's appeal to agriculturists as to supplying armament workers with fat meat a success, agents are visiting even the smallest peasants for this purpose.

One informant says that it is completely untrue that the scarcity is only in towns, and that the suffering in rural districts is just as great. The potato famine prevails everywhere. At Dortmund the potato ration during the last six weeks has been reduced to three pounds per head a week.

The Handelsblaad publishes a message from Gennep, which says that, according to statements made by German women who come there every day, the scarcity of food in Germany has reached such a pitch that the soldiers in Gochcleve and Wesel go to the houses of inhabitants asking for slices of bread wherewith to still their hunger. Almost every day German soldiers desert into Holland. Recently on one day 150 came over the frontier.

APING THE PRUSSIANS.

Sir Walter Runciman's Outburst.

West Hartlepool, Saturday.

Sir Walter Runciman, M.P., speaking at a War Loan meeting to-day, said that two statesmen at the opening of the campaign had made a threat that if we did not subscribe there would be other means taken. It was not discreet statesmanship to hold a threat over the heads of a race such as ours. These misguided gentlemen must be told to stop that notion, for it is uncommonly like Prussianism. Lavish spendings by the Government should be checked. There are too many new offices and new staffs all spending.

LATEST WIRES.

Last night's German official report states that on the Somme and on the Aa there was strong firing at intervals.

The funeral of the Earl of Cromer took place at Bournemouth Cemetery yesterday, when the little cemetery church was crowded.

Russian naval craft have sunk eighteen sailing ships along the Anatolian coast. This is reported in last night's Russian communique.

Comparative quiet prevails on the Roumanian front, last night's Russian report stating:—"Rifle and artillery firing are taking place."

The Press Association was last night informed that Lord Derby had recovered from his recent indisposition, and had been at work all day.

KUT TRENCHES CAPTURED.

STIFF FIGHTING ON TIGRIS.

SOME GROUND GIVEN UP UNDER COUNTER-ATTACK.

London, Saturday.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

On the night of the 28th and 29th ult. we made a further advance of some 300 yards on the right bank of the Tigris, just east of the Tigris-Hai, and advanced for some 200 or 300 yards on a front of 200 yards west of the Tigris-Hai junction.

Our casualties were slight.

On the 31st ult. our cavalry made a raid in retaliation for loael thefts, and we secured large quantities of stock and grain.

On the morning of the 1st inst. we captured the last line of trenches but one east of the Tigris-Hai junction on the right bank of the latter river.

A Turkish counter-attack was repulsed. One hundred and sixty-six prisoners, including four officers, remain in our hands.

Later in the day we attacked and captured enemy trenches west of the Tigris-Hai junction, killing a large number of the enemy, but a subsequent counter-attack compelled our troops to relinquish some of the ground gained.

Throughout these operations our cavalry successfully operated on the left bank west of Kut-el-Amara.

On the morning of the 1st one of our aeroplanes shot down a Fokker, which crashed to the ground from a height of 7000 feet.

We also sank two pontoons crossing the River Tigris.

[The present offensive against Kut began on December 13. An advance was then made along the Shatt-el-Hai, a divergent channel of the Tigris branching from the main stream at the south-west angle of a bend in which is the town of Kut. The attack on the Turkish trenches on the west side of the loop began on January 25. The fighting reported to-day brings the British into close touch with the town of Kut, which is on the north (left) bank of the Tigris.]

CROWN PRINCE PROMOTED.

KAISER MAKES HIM A GENERAL.

"INSPIRES HIS TROOPS WITH SPIRIT OF DARING."

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to the Duesseldorfer Generalanzeiger, the Kaiser announced the promotion of the Crown Prince to the rank of General in the following Army Order:—

By an Army Order issued to-day, January 27, I have promoted your Imperial Royal Highness to be General of Infantry. Your Imperial Royal Highness may regard this promotion as an expression of my warmest and heartiest thanks for all you have achieved as leader for me of an army of the Fatherland during this campaign in the joyful, indefatigable, and loyal fulfilment of duty.

Swiftly gaining the confidence and love of the troops under your command you have understood how to inspire in them that keen spirit of daring which, in attack as in defence, has equally stood the test. To the troops under the command of your Imperial Highness I ask you to convey my, and the Fatherland's, warmest thanks for their unparalleled bravery, and my Imperial greetings.

The Crown Prince, in his reply, remarked—There is still serious fighting before us, and the coming time demands from us the full devotion of all our strength, regardless of all consequences. I enter this fight with the firm conviction that my army group will victoriously face every enemy attack, so that we shall all justify the confidence which His Majesty and the Fatherland place in us, and will pass through all the fightin, however heavy it may be, with honour.

GLASGOW COUNCILLOR'S EXEMPTION.

A CURIOUS SITUATION.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A somewhat curious position has arisen in connection with the exemption recently granted to Councillor P. J. Dollan, a member of Glasgow Town Council.

It will be remembered that Councillor Dollan was granted exemption by the Appeal Tribunal as a conscientious objector, but that was contested by the military, and subsequently the Central Appeal Tribunal granted Councillor Dollan exemption conditional upon his undertaking work of national importance, which, it was explained, might either be agricultural work or labouring work outside munitions.

Councillor Dollan obtained two situations, and forwarded a note of these to the Committee on Work of National Importance for their approval. The Committee replied that they could not accept the work in question as being work of national importance, but recommended Councillor Dollan to seek similar work at least fifty miles outwith Glasgow. Failing the obtaining of such work, they sent the names of seven firms in England to whom they would recommend Councillor Dollan.

It is understood that this is the first occasion on which a Glasgow conscientious objector has had such a condition imposed, and also that other conscientious objectors who have been exempted conditionally have taken work in or near Glasgow such as Councillor Dollan proposed to do.

MR LLOYD GEORGE AT CARNARVON.

SCATHING INDICTMENT OF ENEMY'S NEW U-BOAT CAMPAIGN.

STIRRING APPEAL TO RALLY TO COUNTRY'S AID.

(SPECIAL REPORT.)

Carnarvon, Saturday Night.

Mr Lloyd George to-day visited his constituency of the Carnarvon Boroughs and addressed a great meeting in the Pavilion, Carnarvon This was the first public visit of the right hon. gentleman to Wales since he became Premier, and the occasion was celebrated by a remarkable demonstration of enthusiasm, the town of Carnarvon being decorated with the British national flags and the flags of the Allies.

Mr Lloyd George, on rising, was received with tumultuous cheering and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow." He said—I congratulate the country upon the fact that all parties in the State—with the exception of the Irish Pary, whose absence from our counsels we all regret—(cheers)—have united for the purpose of directing the concerns of the Empire in its hour of trial.

I recognise that the new Government is in some respects an experiment. In its size it is rather small—(laughter)—but you must not imagine that very small men or small Cabinets are the least efficient. (Laughter.) In its constitution, in its composition, for the first time at anyrate on a great scale, success in business has been placed on the same footing as success in politics, as a claim to high office. I am going to ask of these men that they should have fair play. (Cheers.) They have been treated in some quarters already as if they were mere fussers and flounderers. They are men of great experience; men who have shown they possess the wisdom and judgment and the ability to make a success in their own spheres. Give them a fair chance. (Cheers.) They have to straighten out tangles; make up many accumulated deficiencies. They have arrears to clear up. A vast amount of work has to be done, and is being done. That work will be continued. They are not asking for a trial of 2½ years. They have not yet had two months. They have hardly had a month. They must have a fair chance to look round to plan, to consider, and act.

What Business Men Have Done.

I have had a good deal of experience of what men of this kind can do—the great business men of this country—when you call upon them. The only credit I take in my work as Minister of Munitions is that I gathered together as fine a body of men of able experience as ever came together in any Govrnment department in this or any other land. I do not pretend I did the work. They did it; I encouraged them; I stood by them—(cheers)—and now and again I scolded them—(laughter)—but we all worked hard, too.

What I am saying now is not without its relevance, and you can each apply it to anything received, read, or heard. They had not been there a few weeks dealing with an undoubted shortage—an undoubted deficiency—with lost opportunities, before we heard censure and criticising. Was there ever such a muddle? It was chaos, confusion, failure!

Club corners, corridors, lobbies, dining-rooms, above all drawing-rooms—(laughter)—sizzled with whispers of the mess these great business men had made of things. They took no notice of it, and, for a wonder, nor did I. (Laughter.) They knew they were going to confound these things not by speech, but by accomplishment. (Cheers.)

What happened? They knew they were not going to fail the British Army at the appointed hour. They knew the condition of things. When you had on the lines of communication—there is no harm in telling it now—when on the lines of communication behind the front your reserves were just equal to one-third of your daily output per day. (Sensation.) When the British Army had to stand in the trenches, battered, hammered, shelled, without an answer, with no support, it is one of the most heroic tales in the history of that grand infantry. (Loud cheers.) For a year they stood it without flinching, and they never ran away. (Cheers.)

And these men worked and worked and worked because they thought the men were worth it, and the men stood there because they knew there were men behind prepared to help them. (Cheers.)

Mobilised Our Engineering Resources.

What happened? The great battle of the Somme came. These men had mobilised the whole of the engineering resources of the country. Old workshops grew to life. New workshops were set up. You could see them north and south, east and west, wherever you travelled. Old machinery made the best of new machinery, manufactured here and also ordered in America, machinery that revolutionised industry. After the war new industries were set up. Where before the war we had been, dependent entirely on Germany, new industries were created, and we are not going to drop them after the war. (Cheers.)

And then when the time came there was an overflowing supply of shot and shell, batteries of the finest artillery on the battlefields of Europe to-day, guns, howitzers, machine guns, shells of every calibre, great and small—a surplus even to assist our Allies. And after four months of incessant bombardment night and day there were more guns and there was more ammunition than the first day the battle began. (Cheers.) And yet that was turned out by a department which was decried and condemned as a failure within a few weeks after it had been set up by the same men who are beginning clandestinely to do the same thing with the new Government. I am only giving you that as a warning not to rush into premature criticism. I can tell you something about what the new men have done already. They have already saved hundreds of thousands of tons of our shipping, invaluable in the face of the difficulties we have to encounter. They have arranged for the construction of hundreds of thousands of new tonnage. They have saved locomotives, waggons, and rails. They have set up a great new organisation for the production of food throughout the land. They are working, and I think effectively, at the urgent problem of dealing with the practical brutality of Germany on the seas. (Cheers.)

The Balkan Muddle.

I have never been a believer in concealing the realities of the situation from my fellow-countrymen. (Cheers.) You cannot get the best out of them until they face the facts. I have never had any doubt as to ultimate victory—(cheers)—but neither have I had any doubt that before you reach that there are many broad and turbulent rivers to cross, and the nation—and by the nation I do not mean the Government; I mean the men and women that make up the nation—must help us to bridge those rivers.

I am not going to give a summary of the military situation. There is much in it which, of course, necessarily causes anxiety. There is the condition of the Balkans, where, through circumstances I do not wish to discuss, one advantage after another has been thrown away, and any man who looks at the map of Europe, and knows the circumstances, must realise how important the Balkans must necessarily be in a survey of the whole field. It is no one's fault in particular. You cannot say that it is the fault of this country or of that country, of this Government or of that Government. All the four countries have undoubtedly been to blame for the present condition of things in the Balkans, the improvidence, the lack of vision, the lack of imagination, the lack of promptitude, the lack of decision, the delay, the hesitation. They have all combined to produce this Balkan muddle, which is the only part of the whole battlefield which for the moment need cause any anxiety to the Allies. (Cheers.)

Germany's Piratical Device.

When you come to the sea, there is much for us to glory in as a nation. After two years and a half our strength is unbroken, and not merely this country, but all the countries which are in alliance with it, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the skill and gallantry of our great navy, which holds the seas. (Cheers.) But here again I must call attention to the great and to the growing menace of Germany's piratical devices. I want the nation to realise what this most recent move of Germany really portends. It is nothing new in essence. It is a development. It is an advance along the road to complete barbarism. (Cheers.)

It is casting off the last garment of civilisation. It is the Goth in his naked savagery. What more can he do. He must stand revealed now even to the most indulgent neutral. They have already sunk 470 neutral ships. (Shame.) I think 430 by submarines. That is deliberately. Now he means to sink them all without warning. He will respect henceforth no flag except the black flag. (Cheers.) I beg his pardon. (Laughter.)

He has had the graciousness to intimate as a favour to the great Republic of the West that he will allow an American passenger ship to ply to one British port provided it bears the marks of a Dutch paddle steamer. (Laughter.)

Was there ever such insolence. It amounts to insanity. (Cheers.) We can overcome it—(cheers)—but only if the nation is prepared to back the Government with the whole of its resources. I don't want anyone to draw any inference from that except one. The peril is great, but it can be surmounted by the grit, the energy, the courage, the determination of a great people like the people of these lands. (Cheers.) But the nation must support the Government in money, in labour, in land, in the sacrifice of conveniences—nay, of comforts. Then we shall pull through in our deadly struggle with these desperadoes. (Cheers.)

The Peace Without Victory Theory.

I want the nation to thoroughly understand what it all means. He is doing it because he is getting desperate. The Prussians thoroughly understand that the resources at their disposal cannot command complete victory on land. I want you to fully appreciate what that means for him and for us. I am very glad to read what Mr Asquith said yesterday or the day before about peace without victory. He was absolutely right.

What would it mean? It would mean not a peace, but a rest—(cheers)—a rest for him and for the Central Powers, a time to recuperate from their exhausted condition. I can tell exactly what would happen without pretending to any gifts of prophecy. The military leaders of Germany would say—"We made a few mistakes at the beginning of the war, otherwise we should have rushed these nations. Next time we will repair those errors." They would also say—"We were done by the blockade, we were short of food, and next time we will accumulate a sufficient quantity of food and raw material so that the German Empire shall not have its life crushed out by a blockade." But once you destroy the prestige of the

(Continued on next page.)

". . . Near Blank, on the Dash-Dot front, a section of advanced trench changed hands several times, finally remaining in our possession. . . ."—Extract from Official Despatch.

BETWEEN THE LINES

By BOYD CABLE

No better description of the stoicism of our troops has ever been given than that told in this article, by Mr Boyd Cable, an artillery forward officer serving on the western front, and dealing with desperate combats for the possession of a trench. The serial publication of "Between the Lines" has been secured for our readers by special arrangement with the author and the publishers, Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co.

FOR perhaps the twentieth time in half an hour the lookout man in the advanced trench raised his head cautiously over the parapet and peered out into the darkness.

A drizzling rain made it almost impossible to see beyond a few yards ahead, but then the German trench was not more than fifty yards off, and the space between was criss-crossed and interlaced and a-bristle with the tangle of barb-wire defences erected by both sides.

For the twentieth time the lookout peered and twisted his head sideways to listen, and for the twentieth time he was just lowering his head beneath the sheltering parapet when he stopped and stiffened into rigidity. There was no sound apart from the sharp cracks of the rifles near at hand and running diminuendo along the trenches into a rising and falling stutter of reports, the frequent whine and whistle of the more distant bullets, and the quick hiss and "zipp" of the nearer ones, all sounds so constant and normal that the lookout paid no heed to them, put them, as it were, out of the focus of his hearing, and strained to catch the fainter but far more significant sound of a footstep squelching in the mud, the "snip" of a wire-cutter at work, the low "tang" of a jarred wire.

Night Operations.

A few hundred yards down the line a dazzling light sprang out, hung suspended, and slowly floated down, glowing nebulous in the misty rain, and throwing a soft radiance and dusky shadows and gleaming lines of silver along the parapets and wire entanglements.

Intent, the lookout stared to his front for a moment, flung muzzle over the parapet and butt to shoulder, and snapped a quick shot at one of the darker blotches that lay prone beyond the outer tangles of wire. The blotch jerked and sprawled, and the lookout shouted, slipped out the catch of his magazine cut-off, and pumped out the rounds as fast as fingers could work bolt and trigger, the stabbing flashes of the discharge lighting with sharp vivid glares his tense features, set teeth, and scowling eyes. There was a pause and stillness for the space of a couple of quick-drawn breaths, and then—pandemonium!

The forward trench flamed and blazed with spouts of rifle-fire, its slightly-curved length clearly defined from end to end by the spitting flashes. Verey lights and magnesium flares turned the darkness to ghastly livid light, the fierce red and orange of bursting bombs and grenades threw flashes of angry colour on the glistening wet parapets, the flat khaki caps of the British, the dark overcoats of the Germans struggling and hacking in the barb wires.

The eye was confused with the medley of leaping lights and shadows; the ear was dazed with the clamour and uproar of cracking rifles, screaming bullets, and shattering bombs, the oaths and yells, the shouted orders, the groans and outcries of the wounded.

Under Fierce Fire.

Then from overhead came a savage rush and shriek, a flash of light that showed vivid even amidst the confusion of light, a louder, more vicious crash than all the other crashing reports, and the shrapnel swept down along the line of the German trench that erupted struggling, hurrying spouts of men.

A call from the trench telephone, or the sound of the burst of bomb and rifle fire, had brought the gunners on the jump for their loaded pieces, and once more the guns were taking a hand. Shell after shell roared overhead and lashed the ground with shrapnel, and for a moment the attack reached and hung back and swayed uncertainly under the cruel hail.

For a moment only, and then it surged on again, seethed and eddied in agitated whirlpools amongst the stakes and strands of the torturing wires, came on again, and with a roar of hate and frenzied triumph leaped at the low parapet. The parapet roared and roared again in gusts of rapid fire, and the front ranks of the attackers wavered and went down in struggling heaps before it.

But the ranks behind came on fiercely and poured in over the trench; the lights flickered and danced on plunging bayonets and polished butts; the savage voices of the killing machines were drowned in the fierce savage clamour of the human fighter, and then . . . comparative silence fell on the trench.

A Successful German Attack.

The attack had succeeded, the Germans were in, and, save for one little knot of men who had escaped at the last minute, the defenders were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The captured trench was shaped like the curve of a tall, thin capital D, a short communication trench leading in to either end from the main firing trench that formed the back of the D and a prolongation outwards from it.

The curve was in German hands, but no sooner was this certain than the main trench sprang to angry life. The Germans in the captured curve worked in a desperation of haste, pulling sandbags from what had been the face of the trench and heaving them into place to make a breastwork on the new front, while reinforcements rushed across from the German side and opened fire at the main British trench a score of yards away.

Then, before the gasping takers of the trench could clear the dead and wounded from under their feet, before they could refill their emptied magazines, or settle themselves to new footholds and elbow-rests, the British counter-attack was launched. It was ushered in by a shattering burst of shrapnel. The word had passed to the gunners, careful and minute adjustments had been made, the muzzles had swung round a fraction, and then, suddenly and quick as the men could fling in a round, slam the breech and pull the firing lever, shell after shell had leapt roaring on their way to sweep the trench that had been British, but now was enemy. For ten or fifteen seconds the shrapnel hailed fiercely on the cowering trench; then, at another word down the telephone, the fire shut off abruptly, to reopen almost imme-

Mr Boyd Cable.

diately further forward over the main German trenches.

Daring Counter-Attack by the British.

From the main British trench an officer leaped, another and another heaved themselves over the parapet, and in an instant the long, level edge of the trench was crowded with scrambling, struggling men.

With a hoarse yell they flung themselves forward, and the lost trench spouted a whirlwind of fire and lead to meet their rush. But the German defenders had no fair chance of resistance. Their new parapet was not half-formed, and offered no protection to the stream of bullets that sleeted in on them from rifles and maxims on their flanks.

The charging British infantry carried hand-grenades and bombs, and flung them ahead of them as they ran, and, finally, there was no thicket of barb wire to check the swing and impetus of the rush.

The trench was reached, and again the clamour of voices raised in fear and pain, the hoarse rancour of hate, the shrill agony of death, rose high on the sounds of battle. The rush swept up on the trench, engulfed it as a wave engulfs the cleft on a rock beach, boiled and eddied about it, and then . . . and then . . . swept roaring over it, and on.

The counter-attack had succeeded, and the victors were pushing their advantage home in an attack on the main German trench. The remnants of the German defenders were swept back, fighting hopelessly but none the less fiercely. Supports poured out to their assistance, and for a full five minutes the fight raged and swayed in the open between the trenches and among the wire entanglements. The men who fell were trampled, squirming, underfoot in the bloody mire and mud; the fighters stabbed and hacked and struck at short arm-length, fell even to using fists and fingers when the press was too close for weapon play and swing.

The Changing Fortunes of War.

But the attack died out at last without the German entanglements being passed or their earthwork being reached. Here and there an odd man had scrambled and torn a way through the wire, only to fall on or before the parapet. Others hung limp or writhing feebly to free themselves from the clutching hooks of the wire. Both sides withdrew, panting and nursing their dripping wounds, to the shelter of their trenches, and both left their dead sprawled in the trampled ooze or stayed to help their wounded crawling painfully back to cover.

Immediately the British set about rebuilding their shattered trench and parapet; but before they had well begun the spades had to be flung down again and the rifles snatched to repel another fierce assault. This time a storm of bombs, hand grenades, rifle grenades, and every other fiendish device of high explosives, preceded the attack. The trench was racked and rent and torn, sections were solidly blown in, and other sections were flung out bodily in yawning crevasses and craters.

From end to end the line was wrapped in billowing clouds of reeking smoke, and starred with bursts of fire. The defenders flattened themselves close against the forward parapet that shook and trembled beneath them like a live thing under the rending blasts. The rifles still cracked up and down the line; but, in the main, the soaking, clay-smeared men held still and hung on, grimly waiting and saving their full magazines for the rush they knew would follow. It came at last, and the men breathed a sigh of relief at the escape it meant from the rain of high explosives. It was their turn now, and the roar of their rifle fire rang out, and the bomb-throwers raised themselves to hurl their carefully-saved missiles on the advancing mass. The mass reeled and split and melted under the fire, but fresh troops were behind and pushing it on, and once more it flooded in on the trench.

A Shell-Swept Trench.

Again the British trench had become German, although here and there throughout its length knots of men still fought on, unheeding how the fight had gone elsewhere in the line, and intent solely on their own little circle of slaughter.

But this time the German success was hardly made before it was blotted out. The British supports had been pushed up to the disputed point, and as the remnants of the last defenders straggled back they met the fierce rush of the new and fresh force.

This time it was quicker work. The trench by now was shattered and wrecked out of all real semblance to a defensive work. The edge of the new attack swirled up to it, lipped over, and fell bodily into it. For a bare minute the defence fought, but it was overborne and wiped out in that time.

The British flung in on top of the defenders like terriers into a rat-pit, and the fighters snarled and worried and scuffled and clutched and tore at each other more like savage brutes than men. The defence was not broken or driven out—it was killed out; and lunging bayonet or smashing butt caught and finished the few that tried to struggle and claw a way out up the slippery trench sides.

The British Bulldog Grit.

Hard on the heels of the victorious attackers came a swarm of men running and staggering to the trench with filled sandbags over their shoulders. As the front of the attack passed over the wrecked trench and pressed the Germans back across the open, the sandbags were flung down and heaped scientifically in the criss-cross of a fresh breastwork. Other men, laden with coils of wire and stakes and hammers, ran out in front, and fell to work erecting a fresh entanglement. In five minutes or ten—for minutes are hard to count and tally at such a time and in such work—the new defence was complete, and the fighters in the open ran back and leapt over into cover.

Once more a steady crackle of rifle-fire ran quivering up and down the line, and from their own trenches the Germans could see, in the light of the flares a new breastwork facing them, a new entanglement waiting to trap them, a steady stream of fire spitting and sparkling along the line. They could see, too, the heaped dead between the lines, and in their own thinned ranks make some reckoning of the cost of their attempt.

The attempt was over. There were a few score dead lying in ones and twos and little clumped heaps in the black mud; the disputed trench was a reeking shambles of dead and wounded; the turn of the stretcher-bearers and the Red Cross workers had come. There would be another column to add to the Casualty Lists presently, and another bundle of telegrams to be despatched to the "Next-of-kin."

And to-morrow the official despatch would mention the matter coldly and tersely; and the papers would repeat it; and a million eyes would read with little understanding . . . "changed hands several times, finally remaining in our possession."

NEXT WEEK.

"THE PROMISE OF SPRING"—Another article full of dramatic interest.

THROUGH BELGIUM WITH THE HUNS.

Amazing Confession of a German Soldier.

This is a unique account of the Germans' advance through Belgium, for it is a description given by a German who took part in it, and is told to an Englishman who prior to the war was an instructor in foreign languages at the Berlin War Academy. The rights of publication have been specially secured for the "Post Sunday Special."

THIS article is based on conversations which I had with a German soldier in Rotterdam. He was a deserter from a Mecklenburg infantry regiment, and had succeeded in escaping over the closely-guarded border to Holland.

His name is of no importance. I shall call him Julius Janz, which, without being exact, is near enough for all practical purposes. He is posted in the records of his regiment as "missing, presumably dead," and he is content to remain so. He deserted, not because he is pro-Ally or anti-German, but because, to use his own words, he did not see any reason why he should continue to fight and run the risk of being killed that others might profit by his death.

He is a German, typical in everything except in the want of that blustering and overbearing patriotism which is the hall-mark of the true "Prusko," as the Dutch call them. He is a product of the large German cities. Of his past life he remained eloquently silent, and from several points in his story I firmly believe that he has at one time or another been a member of the "Strafkompagnie," or Punishment Companies, in the German Army.

I met him by chance in the Zuid Hollandsche Restaurant, in Rotterdam, where he was sitting, well groomed and well fed, making the impression rather of a senior clerk or commercial traveller. It was many days before we were sufficiently familiar to talk, and it was only when his tongue had been repeatedly loosened with the deadly schnapps that he consented to tell me his story.

As is to be expected, the first part is merely a description of roughly-hewn personal impressions. No man who has made the first wild German smash through Belgium can possess any concrete details concerning the wild scenes through which he passed. I will let him tell his story in his own way.

The German Mobilisation.

"I was serving my last year in the —— Regiment, stationed at Rostock; since the month of June we had noticed that the discipline, always iron, had become stiffer and more exacting. No one knew for what cause, for we were, apart from a few escapades with the civilians, a well-conducted regiment. Some of us had a premonition, and were not surprised when, on the 28th of July, we were suddenly entrained for an unknown destination. We travelled for hours, and it was only when we were unloaded at Cologne that we knew something serious was going to happen, for here we received our iron rations. Some of the comrades broke down when the old boys laughingly told us of the probability of war.

"We marched out to Aix-la-Chapelle, and then one glorious night we stole past the black-and-white barriers that marked the frontiers of Prussia, and we had our foot on Belgian soil. We seized the station at Herbesthal, burnt a lot of outbuildings that might have hindered us, and killed a few of the Customs officers.

"Up to then we had had no losses. Our advance across the border had been mere child's play, but suddenly things began to happen. While we were holding the station many other regiments had advanced to hold the lines by which we were to attack Lüttich (Liege) and Namur.

Von Haesler's Brutality.

"Old Feldmarschall von Haesler, who, as we say, never skulked behind when hot work was to be done, set out in the Staff car from Aix-la-Chapelle. He thought probably that the road had been well cleared, but when his car got to the ravines he was met with such a shower of bullets that he was forced to turn back; that did not please him; nor did the fact that he had received a deep flesh wound add to his good temper.

"Then the merriment began. Orders were issued that the Belgian peasantry had risen in arms to murder cowardly the German soldiers, and by means of a Tagesbefehl (order of the day) the officers and non-commissioned officers were commanded to see that no misplaced kindness should be allowed to interfere with the safety of the troops. Myself, I think that the francs-tireurs were the enraged smugglers of every nationality in whose domain we then were, but orders are orders.

"The sharp-shooting went on as if it was well organised, but we soon had the trouble in hand. You can easily imagine it for yourself. Every officer, 'old boy,' and private was his own judge, jury, and executioner. We murdered everything within sight, sometimes with the rifle, but when we had time with the bayonet. It was dangerous to be too lenient, as those who were not zealous enough were moved up to the lines before Liege, and we all knew what that would mean. Some of us began to nick our rifle-butts for every Belgian to our credit, but we soon got tired; and, besides, the Ordnance Master issued an order that rifles were not to be defaced.

"When I come to think of it now it was terrible, but what can one expect. If you give a tiger a taste of human blood he is not to be blamed if he expects it always, and you know us. You know what the barrack life is, and when one has been through the mill for two or three years one loses all mercy.

The Attack on Liege.

"Things seemed to be going not well with us at Lüttich. The Staff had intended to rush it and other strong places in the Wallony before the Belgians were organised. Up to then we had chased them like a flock of sheep, but at Liege they repaid us. As is Von Haesler's way, he crammed everything into the machine. My regiment was ordered up. I fought three days and three nights without sleeping, and mostly without food except what we could steal. Liege was hell. I saw red-hot cannons throwing out red-hot shells, while the infantrymen who had been 'abkommandiert" to help the battery crews poured bucket after bucket of water, sometimes across the sizzling barrels, sometimes in the faces of the naked gunners. It was so hot that most of them had thrown off all clothes, some stood and fought and swore in smoke-blackened barrack underclothing.

"Haesler was a brute. One after another he threw regiments up to the front. None of them dare break, because he had posted the machine gun section behind them, and when they halted or wavered they rolled off a drum of bullets into the stragglers as an incentive to push onward.

"My regiment took part in three massed attacks against the fortress. Finally we were drawn back to the rear to reform with the 1st Reserve Regiment. We came out of the inferno before Liege only thirteen strong, and everyone wounded. The other comrades had either been blown to bits by the fortress guns or by our own machine gun section.

"Away back at the rear, where, as a cure, I was detailed to do railway patrol, I met an American journalist, who thought that this war was going to be one of those comic opera affairs that they have from time to time in America; he told me that he had been carried unconscious from the battle of Liege, where he had fainted at the sight of the bloodshed. While I was on patrol we captured a full trainload of Belgian troops, who were fresh from their depot and had never fired a shot. They had overrun their halting-place, and steamed slowly into a station that was in German possession.

Far-Sighted Barbarous Plans of Huns.

"On thinking over those days, I have come to the conclusion that there was some good reason at the back of the Staff's mind for ordering my regiment from Rostock against Belgium. We would have been of greater use on the eastern front, where things were not going at all favourably. The selection of the troops does not seem to have been left to chance, or it is a most unearthly coincidence that the regiments were taken from exclusively Protestant regions. For myself, I am emancipated. I am a Free-Thinker; but I must wonder why the Mecklenburgers, the Saxons, the Bavarians—who are not Catholics—the comrades from Hesse and Braunschweig and the East Prussians were sent to Belgium; perhaps it was because they had not even religion in common with the Belgians, or perhaps because they would more willingly obey the orders given with regard to churches, nuns, and priests.

"Though we had battered the town, there was still spirit left in the Wallons—too much for Von Haesler's taste—and we received orders to tolerate nothing approaching active unfriendliness. But they seemed to have a good organisation. There were still many Belgian soldiers in hiding, and with the help of the francs-tireurs they sniped us most unmercifully. Once I was standing at the door of my billet, when a bullet smashed the pipe in my mouth. I was enraged, because I could not find the sniper: so I took up my landlord and shot him. But I had still lost my pipe.

"Then we got orders to hold a wholesale search of the town, and to shoot summarily any Belgian found in the possession of weapons. Old Haesler was becoming nervous about his communications with Cologne, whence we were drawing all our supplies. And the francs-tireurs were behind us. Sometimes they sniped the driver and escort of a proviant train and exploded the ammunition. Sometimes they slept, happy with the consciousness of having killed a Staff officer.

NEXT WEEK—

Further revelations of the Huns' barbarous conduct in Belgium will be unfolded in this unique confession.

NEWSY NOTES FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND

By Our Special Commissioner.

Another Kinross War Worker.

What the Y.M.C.A. owes to the ladies who have voluntarily taken up work in their splendidly-equipped huts will probably never

Lafayette.

be adequately stated either in speech or writing. But the ladies find their reward in the daily performance of their self-imposed duties. My photograph is of another Kinross war worker, Mrs Graham, Mossgrove. Mrs Graham is one of the band of Kinross ladies who are in daily attendance at the Sign of the Red Triangle and the Open Door, and their work has met with the warm appreciation of the khaki-clad lads in the locality.

Trade Follows the Pipes.

I had a chat the other day with that interesting young man, Gunner Joseph Quigley. The gunner is the author of that humorous little book "The Slogan," which has proved very popular with the men in the trenches. "The Slogan," as you know, describes the adventures and success of the Harry Lauder Recruiting Band, and it is not surprising to learn that there is now some talk of the bagpipes playing their part in the cementing of trade relations with the Allies. At anyrate, Private Quigley is considering a proposal, which in all probability will be carried into effect, for a post-war tour in Russia of his famous band. Quigley has infinite faith in the bagpipes as an advertising agency for Scottish manufactures.

Navy Lines.

Lafayette.

Some time ago I remarked on the regettable fact that the Earl of Dalhousie, who is a captain in the Scots Guards, had been compelled to abandon his military duties owing to the state of his health. It is now officially announced that owing to illness he has been placed on the retired list. The fates have consequently been somewhat unkind to this popular Scottish Peer. The Earl, however, has had the honour of not only doing his bit in this war, but of having taken part with distinction in the South African campaign. The Earl owns 38,000 acres, and has three stately country residences in Scotland.

Veteran Glasgow Angler.

Love of angling seems to be inherent in many natures, and as the season comes round these sportsmen, willy-nilly, must hie to their favourite loch, be it fair or foul weather. Of the many Glasgow anglers who found themselves in Loch Ness on the opening day none is better known than the veteran Mr Peter Macdonald, who has not missed an opening day for well nigh thirty years. A native of Portmahomack, Mr Macdonald has made his home in Glasgow, where he has built up a successful business. An angler from his youth, he could never throw off the wiles of the art, and, despite his growing years, he plies the rod with the skill of an expert.

All Over Military Age.

But Mr Macdonald is not the only angler who hied to the North. There was also Mr Hugh Ferguson, well known in Glasgow as an expert angler. Others included Mr James Gordon, sen., Dr M'Connel, Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie, Mr Hugh Neil, Mr Stephenson Brown, and Mr Charles Marchant. All, of course, are well over military age, and their fortitude in braving the wintry elements at this time of the year warrants them plenty sport and heavy baskets.

SPECIAL OFFER

DURING THE WAR

A 10/6 Warranted Finest Rolled Gold PHOTO-PENDANT, with Beautiful Hand-Painted Miniature of your Soldier or Sailor Friend copied from any Photograph (any Photograph will do), only for

4/6

Post Free (during the War only)
Guaranteed Wonderful Value.

Send any Photograph with P.O. for 4/6, and within a week you will receive the Pendant with the Miniature and your Photograph returned.

When ordering please state Colour of Hair, Eyes, and Complexion.

Our Pendants are made to hold Two Miniatures, so if you require Two please send 1/6 extra.

All orders to be sent to the

ALBION PHOTO CO.,
14 Lauriston Place, EDINBURGH.

Succeeded David Macrae.

To be the minister of the same church for 37 years—and to follow in the wake of such a noted and much-talked-of divine as the Rev David Macrae—must be a pleasurable memory to the Rev. George Rae, who, I notice, has just retired from the active pastorate of Ashton United Free Church at Gourock. I am sorry to say that this step has largely been brought about by a serious illness, from which Mr Rae is now convalescing, and I am sure that the members of his church will have learned of his impending retiral with deep regret.

A Cousin of Lord French.

One of the keenest supporters of the new Volunteer movement is Lieutenant-Colonel H. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale, who, by the way, is a cousin of Lord French. Although over 70 years of age, he seems as active as most men not more than half his age. For example, he took part in the Territorial Conference in London at the week-end, was back in Dunoon on the Monday inspecting the Volunteers of the district, the following day he presided over the deliberations of the Cowal District Committee, and left the town the same evening for further Volunteer work. Like many of our famous soldiers of renown, Colonel Burnley Campbell, who was with Lord Roberts on his famous march to Kandahar, is of small stature, but exceedingly wiry.

Remodelling "The Port."

Major James Lithgow and his brother, Mr Henry Lithgow, of Port-Glasgow, are housing reformers as well as enterprising shipbuilders, and their latest scheme for providing 40 new tenements in the shipbuilding burgh will go a long way to relieve an acutely-felt problem. A few years ago a similar undertaking commenced by Mr Lithgow, sen., one of the founders of the firm of Messrs Russell & Co., was carried to a completion at a cost of £100,000. Through this private effort much dilapidated property was swept away, and as a consequence of the better housing conditions the health of the workers and their families has been materially improved. Major Lithgow is the popular commander of an artillery company in France, and recently he was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous services.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

Here is a picture of Mr John S. Margerison, who since he donned mufti has been writing such charming stories about the sea. His latest book, which I advised you to look out for, is now on the bookstalls and selling, so I am assured, like hot cakes. It is entitled "Turret and Torpedo," and you cannot sit down to it without feeling the atmosphere of the sea and all that it means to Britain. The pages are a living panorama of life in the navy, and you are realistically dashed under the waves in the submarine or whirled through the spray in cruiser or destroyer, to the booming of guns. "Turret and Torpedo" is not fiction, but the nearest approach to realism that I have read. The reason, of course, is that Mr Margerison, who is well known to my readers as a naval expert—he has many friends in Scotland—was living the life till a little argument with the Huns in the North Sea put him out of action as an officer and made him an acquisition to literature.

Made Others "Merry and Bright."

Many in the teaching profession in the North-East of Scotland will regret the loss of one so accomplished and so full of "bonhomie" as the late Private Alexander B. Horne, M.A., of the Gordon Highlanders. He delighted to sit down at the pianoforte and to sing the songs of his own composition and musical arrangement. During the time he was a student at Aberdeen University and during the five and a half years he was a teacher in Peterhead Academy he contributed much to the enjoyment of concerts and social functions, and when he went to Glasgow his musical accomplishments were not allowed to lie dormant. He was never happier than when making others "merry and bright." After being six months at the front he was struck by a piece of shrapnel on the leg while in action. Hopes were entertained that he would make a satisfactory recovery, but he died last week at Duston Hospital, Northampton.

Hamilton's Fighting Parsons.

It is somewhat of a remarkable coincidence that the Rev. J. Oliver Ritchie, M.A., minister of Brandon U.F. Church, Hamilton, and the last minister of the same congregation, who accepted a call to Forfar, the Rev. G. W. Elliott, M.A., are both in the army at present, not as chaplains, but as mere soldiers accepted for "general service." Mr Ritchie has gone through his course of training as a private in the Royal Scots—he belongs to Edinburgh, and it was only natural he should attach himself to that regiment—but he is now a cadet undergoing the necessary course of instruction preparatory to receiving a commission. Mr Elliott, on the other hand, who a year or so ago married a daughter of the Rev. John Urquhart, of St John's U.F. Church, Hamilton, preached his farewell sermon on Sabbath last in Forfar prior to leaving for his military duties. A third Hamilton minister—Rev. Douglas Bruce—who is a second-lieutenant in the Gordon Highlanders, is meanwhile home on sick leave. It is doubtful if there is another town in Britain of the same population as Hamilton which can lay claim to the same distinction in respect of ministers actually in the fighting ranks as combatants.

A Happy Reunion.

Lafayette.

The Countess of Stair, who is now spending happy hours in Switzerland with her husband, just released after twenty-seven months' captivity in German prisons, was naturally overjoyed when she received word of the Earl's release. The Countess found some solace during many months of her husband's imprisonment in her auxiliary hospital for wounded soldiers, which she established at her beautiful home at Lochinch, Castle Kennedy.

The Released Peer.

The Earl of Stair, whose eyesight unfortunately has become impaired owing to the close confinement and privations of German prison life, was, it will be recalled, the first M.P. and the first Viscount to be taken prisoner by the enemy. The gallant major might possibly have made his escape had he thought only of himself, but that is never the British officer's way. While in prison he received the news of his father's death and his succession to the ancient Earldom of Stair. As a politician the Earl of Stair was alert, energetic, genial, and fair-minded, and all parties down in Wigtownshire are looking forward to his home-coming, which surely won't be far distant now!

Keen on Food Production.

Mr W. H. Purdie, the burgh surveyor of Hamilton, is expending an immense amount of energy and resource in an effort to ensure that the local municipal scheme of food production shall be launched on an ambitious scale. Mr Purdie maintains that such schemes to be successful must be on ground easy of access, and, moreover, the plots must be laid out on a systematic and methodical basis. Meanwhile he is developing his own ideas along these lines, and the confident belief is that Hamilton's programme for food cultivation will be one that will instantly appeal to the masses. A few years ago Mr Purdie was a Town Councillor in Hamilton, but he resigned prior to his appointment as Burgh Surveyor. From early manhood he has been safeguarding the interests of the ratepayers in the Ducal town, first as a Town Councillor and latterly as a paid official.

Public Life and the Artistic.

In our commercial days public life and the artistic are hardly akin, but Parish Councillor Alexander Martin is an outstanding exception to the rule. In the midst of a busy business life our good friend has found the time for public service as well as

for the cultivation of his artistic mind. As chairman of the Govan Parish Council First Ward Committee, with his friendly outlook on life, he instituted the Poor Children's New Year Treat, whereby a thousand to fifteen hundred of the poorer children in the ward are annually entertained in the Wellington Palace to pictures, performers, and palateables—namely, cakes, fruits, and sweets. Mr Martin tells me that to see the spontaneous enthusiasm during the annual treat amply repays all who work for the children's cause, and he has never begrudged the many hours willingly spent in bringing a little good cheer to the less fortunate bairns during the festive season. Almost needless to say, Parish Councillor Martin is well known in the Masonic fraternity, having been Past Master of Lodge Clydesdale (No. 556), whose Lodge-room, by the way, bears evidence of his artistic abilities through the adornment of its walls.

"Chrysanthemums"—An Artistic Gift.

I have just had the pleasure of inspecting the picture, "Chrysanthemums," which Parish Councillor Martin has just presented as his contribution to the Free Gift Art Sale promoted to aid the funds of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Comforts Fund, and I feel sure that the lucky winner of this fine study will congratulate himself or herself. I might perhaps add that Mr Martin is the senior partner of the well-known firm of Messrs Alexander Martin & Sons, artistic decorators, Nithsdale Road, Glasgow.

Inventor of the Ross Rifle.

The inventor of the Ross rifle, which the military authorities deem unsuitable for the battle front, is Sir Charles Ross, the present and ninth Baronet of Balnagowan. Sir Charles is an inventor of some repute. He was in America recently, and there Lady Ross managed to collect a very large sum of money for the war refugees in this country. Only a few months ago Sir Charles' mother, the Dowager Lady Ross, passed away. This lady was like her son, something of a genius, but her talent lay in her pen.

"The Bravest Man I Ever Saw Die."

A striking incident centring round an overheard conversation has just reached me. The scene was near Perth Barracks. Two gentlemen overheard a soldier saying to a group of companions that the bravest man he ever saw die was a lieutenant of the Seaforths. One of the gentlemen, as it happened, had an officer friend in the Seaforths who had been killed, and he stepped forward to the soldier, remarking that he had overheard his statement. "Who was this lieutenant?" he asked when he had introduced himself. The soldier replied without hesitation, "Lieutenant Maitland." Then he explained that Lieut. Maitland had been wounded, and when the stretcher-bearers arrived on the scene—the soldier was of the party—the gallant officer waved them away. "I'm done for, boys," he said, "take someone else."

The Way of Fate.

The gentleman was greatly moved by the soldier's story. For as it happened he was a commercial traveller in the employment of the young lieutenant's father, and was the last friend of the family to shake hands with him on his leaving Scotland. Lieutenant Maitland was a son of Mr George Maitland, the well-known Glasgow leather merchant. He was trained for the medical profession, but joined the combatant ranks, and he had only been at the front four days when the end came. His father had heard nothing of his son's last hours, despite diligent inquiry, until Fate put the stretcher-bearer in his traveller's way by means of an overheard remark.

Congratulations!

Lafayette.

The majority of my Forfarshire readers will recognise herewith the features of the genial Laird of Pitkerro. Congratulations are still being showered on Colonel Archibald Campbell Douglas Dick, who has been made a C.M.G. Colonel Dick is the officer commanding the Forfarshire Volunteer Regiment, and is also late of the 4th Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He served in the South African War, and he was mentioned in despatches. He holds the Queen's Medal and three clasps. His family has suffered in the war.

A Favourite at Stobhill.

Sweetness and light radiate from the Y.M.C.A. hut at Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow. There our wounded heroes who are

Lafayette.

in the convalescent stage have passed many a pleasurable hour, and the management are cordially to be congratulated on the variety and range of the entertainments and recreations which they have been able to provide. Much of the success of the work is undoubtedly due to Miss C. A. Moore, Dovehollow, Bearsden (whose photo this is), the lady who has acted as manageress of the hut since its opening last summer. Miss Moore's kindly personality and organising talent are great assets at Stobhill these days.

Col. Riddell's Pleasing Duty.

Colonel J. Scott Riddell, M.V.O., Red Cross Commissioner, was again in his element the other day when he accepted another ambulance and a cheque for £128 at Aberdeen, this time from the Aberdeen district engineering and shipbuilding firms. He has had this pleasing duty to discharge on several occasions recently, and Mr Geo. Bennett Mitchell, transport officer, who very ably assists him, tells me that he hopes soon to have a complete fleet of motor ambulances, so that any train of wounded men may be dealt with without the necessity of hiring a single ambulance.

Mrs Pollok M'Call.

A soldier who has earned distinction in the war is Brigadier-General Pollok M'Call. Here is a portrait of his good lady, who, although taking no active part in public work, identifies herself in many ways with the activities of the upland Ayrshire parish of Colmonell. Their temporary residence there is Pinmure House. Mrs M'Call, who is the daughter of a Glasgow merchant, is reputed to be very wealthy.

Lafayette.

IN THE MELTING POT.

BRIGHT PARS ON TOPICAL SUBJECTS.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY THOMAS JAY

President Wilson must ere now have realised that the time has not yet arrived when the typewriter is mightier than the sword.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

The increased cost of foodstuffs is being keenly felt in some quarters. Only the other day a man was sent to prison for taking a bite out of a Metropolitan railway inspector's hand.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

There is reported to be in Bavaria a movement on foot to reduce considerably the autocratic power of the Kaiser. And not only in Bavaria either, I suggest.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

No doubt the Royal Automobile Club was taken over by the Government because they realise that we automobilise.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

"It is impossible to darken the colour of one's eyes," says a lady's paper. We understand that at Willesden the old plan of answering back one's husband is still much practised.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Wolffe's Bureau announces that the neutral Diplomats left Bucharest because there was no room for them. German Diplomats have recently left Switzerland for a similar reason.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

The German Emperor has ordered the proclamation in which he promises victory to Germany to be placarded all over Germany. The Germans, it appears, now take the Kaiser's pleasures sadly.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

An absentee, fined £5 and handed over to the military authorities at Westminster Police Court the other day, stated that his great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather was imprisoned at York as a conscientious objector in 1660. But what happened to him? He's dead now.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Agram (Hungary) suffered a slight earthquake shock the other day. No blame, we understand, attaches to the Kaiser.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

A man with a cork leg was exempted from service by a North of England Tribunal not long ago, and he promised to invest his savings in War Loan. Naturally a man with a cork leg does not mind stumping up.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

The German papers sneer at the suggestion that public bands should play in the streets, on the ground that it does not appease the hunger. But they can play the "Bacce Rolle."

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Berlin bakers are not now able to bake without an order, and as a result buns in future will be prohibited. And all the biscuits have been taken by the German Wireless Bureau.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Two recent German headlines—"Frost Breaks Up," "Crown Prince Breaks Down." And most of them are broke one way or the other.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Panic during times of stress should always be avoided. It is all very well to provide for emergency with these increased prices of food, but the woman who was fined for keeping three pigs and seven fowls in her living-room was, to say the least, carrying the storing of provisions to extremes.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

"The Kaiser's birthday passed off quietly," remarks a German paper. Then this must have been the dramatic surprise which some papers promised us.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

There may be sermons in stones, but the Stockholm clergyman who is charged with attempting to smuggle bombs across the Finnish frontier seems to think there are a few lessons in bombs.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

A German officer has been reduced in rank for firing at a Berlin postal carrier in the streets of Berlin. It is stated that the military authorities are annoyed with this decision, and say that it is interfering with the harmless pastimes of the German military.

FREEMANS
REAL TURTLE SOUP
made in a minute with
Freemans Real
Turtle Cubes.
Four in a box, 1/-
Freemans
Watford

Begin To-day This Great Prophetic Story.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

Never has a newspaper printed a more interesting story than this. It deals with the most vital question of the day—The Submarine Menace—and is written by a world-famous novelist.

A Strange Meeting.

"Sir,—You are a great shipmaster. You owned a fleet of merchant shipping when war broke out of forty-two coastwise and thirty-five ocean-going ships. At the end of the war you owned thirteen coastwise and twenty-one ocean-going traders. I have a means of saving you any such loss by submarine in the future. May I be permitted to show you my invention? — Truly yours, Charles Smith.

"P.S.—Absolute secrecy is necessary. A simple 'Yes' addressed by wire to Veevee, London, will be sufficient."

"The wording of it is so unusual that it—interested me," Sir Andrew Farlow said as his son Ruxton began to read the letter a second time.

Presently the younger man looked up from his reading.

"That's your imagination working, Dad," he said smiling. Then he added—"Let it work. Let it run riot. That's what we want in Britain—now. I should see this man. I think he is a foreigner—in spite of his English name."

The John Bull face of the elder man wreathed into a warm smile as he looked up at his towering son.

"I had decided to," he said quietly.

Ruxton handed him back the letter, then he moved across to the great mullioned window in the dining-hall of Dorby Towers and looked out upon the perfect summer night. The moon was shining at its full, and not a cloud was visible anywhere.

"I have some letters to write, my boy," Sir Andrew went on. "If you want me I shall be in the library. What are you going to do?"

"I think I shall take a stroll along the cliffs. It'll do me good, Dad. I want to feel our beloved Yorkshire cliffs under my feet again, and make sure they're—still there."

Without troubling himself to get a hat Ruxton Farlow passed through the entrance hall, out into the brilliant, warm summer night, and strode on towards his destiny.

The peace of the night knocked vainly at the heart of the man as he moved along over the grass-grown cart track which skirted those fields abutting on the pathway marking the broken line of the lofty Yorkshire cliffs.

The warmth of the July air left him utterly forgetful of the light evening clothes in which he was clad, just as the grass-grown track failed to remind him that the shoes he wore had never been intended for country rambles. The soft sea breeze fanned his cheeks, and the bracing air added vigour of body if it left his mental feelings wholly uninspired.

For at the time at least Ruxton Farlow was living within himself.

The full moon, shedding a ghostly glory on every hand, yielded him the necessary guidance for his footsteps. It served his purpose, but its beauty for once left him unimpressed.

He passed the last stile and faced the open sea. He flung himself full length upon a rustling bed of heather. His head was towards the sea, and craning over the very edge of the dizzy cliff. He propped his face between his two hands and sank his elbows deep into the heather. Then like some schoolboy his feet were raised behind him and crossed, while his eyes searched that mysterious horizon lost in the shadows of a perfect night.

It has been said that Ruxton Farlow was an idealist. But let there be no misapprehension about it. His idealism was practical and full of sanity. He was no visionary. His mind was ever groping for the material welfare of his country.

Great Britain lay in that sea beyond. Great Britain, who, in German eyes, owned the earth, and incidentally had snatched even those inadequate colonies from her bosom which through long years of diplomatic trickery she had contrived to acquire. The Prussian passion for conquest had been changed through the late war to the passionate national hatred of the German people against Great Britain. This was clear, so clear that the light which shone upon it was painful to his mental vision.

He propped his head upon one hand, with his eyes fixed on the vague horizon beyond which the Teutonic giant was peacefully slumbering, and his thought was spoken aloud.

"Is he slumbering?" he asked of the sea. "Is he? Will he ever sleep again? No, I think not. Not at least while there is a chance that his intelligence behind the machine can render an island home untenable.

"Night claims from the overburdened soul the truth which daylight is denied."

Ruxton Farlow sat up with a jolt. His dark, searching eyes were turned from the sea. They were turned in the direction whence the voice which had answered him had proceeded. In the brilliant moonlight he saw the outline of a figure standing upon the footpath which ran parallel to the coastline. The figure was not quite distinct, but it was clearly a woman's which corroborated the conviction he had received at the sound of the voice.

"But for once she has betrayed her—trust," he said, and a feeling of irritation swept over him that he had permitted himself to respond to the challenge of this stranger, who was probably something in the nature of one of life's vagrants, wandering homeless over the deserted ways of the countryside.

Then he discovered to his further annoyance that his response had brought forth its logical result. The figure was moving towards him, and as it drew near he became aware of that delightful feminine rustle which no man ever yet found unseductive.

The woman made no verbal reply until she was standing before him. Ruxton was still sitting on the heather, but his eyes were wide with astonished admiration, and his clean-shaven lips were parted, which added to his whole expression of incredulous amazement.

The woman standing before him was no vagrant, unless a vagrant could possess a queenly presence, and an attire which suggested the best efforts of London or Paris.

She was beautifully tall, and crowned with a royal wealth of hair which remained hatless. Its colour was not certain in the moonlight, but Ruxton felt that it must be red-gold He could think of no other colour which could match such a presence. Her figure, sharply outlined in the moonlight, was superb. It suggested all he had ever seen in those ardent dreams of youth. Her face possessed something of the reflected glory of the moon lit by eyes whose colour was hidden from him, but which shone like great dull jewels full of a living fire.

All these things he realised in one swift, comprehensive glance. But in another moment his whole attention was absorbed by the rich voice, the tones of which were like the softest music of some foreign southern land.

"It is scarcely fair to blame the night," she said, in smiling protest.

All unprepared for the encounter, Ruxton had nothing but a stupid monosyllable to offer.

"No," he said, and a sigh somehow escaped him.

Then in a moment the blood was set swiftly pulsating through his veins.

"May I sit down?" the woman inquired. "I have had a long walk, and am a little tired," she added in explanation.

But she waited for no permission. And somehow Ruxton felt that her expression of weariness was far below the mark. She appeared quite exhausted.

"You are more than a little tired," he said with urgent solicitude.

Now that her face was nearer to his level he could see that she was indeed very, very beautiful. Her eyes were large and almost Oriental in their shape. Her cheeks were as delicate as the petals of a lily. The contour of her whole face was a perfect oval, with just sufficient lengthening to give it character.

She did not deny him. But a smile lit her eyes.

"This is delicious," she said with a sigh of content, turning her face towards the sea and drinking in deep draughts of fresh, salt air.

Ruxton endeavoured to gather his faculties, which had been completely scattered by the thrilling shock of the encounter. He felt himself to be like a callow youth of seventeen rather than a man of over thirty-five, a man whose public life had made intercourse with women of society a matter of every day.

"You have had a long walk?" he inquired wonderingly. "But at night? On these cliffs? You are ten miles from Dorby, and there is no habitation between—except Dorby Towers. Beyond this there is a village or two, but no railway for miles." He had made up his mind that she did not belong to this district. Her costume was still in his thoughts.

"I did not come from Dorby. Nor from any of those villages. Still, I have had a long walk. I have been on my feet for nearly three hours."

As she offered no further explanation Ruxton urged her.

"Will you not explain—more?"

"Is it needed?"

The woman faced round, and her Eastern eyes were smiling frankly into his.

Ruxton had no alternative. He desired none. The situation had suddenly gripped him. He was caught in its toils, and delighted that it was so. This woman's beauty, her frank unconventionality, were wholly charming.

"No," he said deliberately. "There is no need." Then he made a comprehensive gesture with one hand. "The night is beautiful, it is a night of romance and adventure. Let us forget there are such things as conventionality, and just—talk. Let us talk as this silver night prompts. Let us try and forget that painful thought which daylight brings us all. As you say, the night is the time of truth, while daylight demands the subterfuge which conceals it."

But the woman did not respond to his invitation. A little pucker of sudden distress marred her brows.

"Conventionality. I had forgotten," she said. Then her manner became suddenly earnest. She leant slightly forward, and her shining eyes warned Ruxton of the genuineness of their appeal. "Yes, I had truly forgotten," she went on. "Will you—will you forget for the moment there is the difference of sex between us? Will you forget that I am a woman who has wilfully thrust her presence upon a man—a stranger, and laid herself open to a dreadful interpretation of her actions? Will you simply regard me as someone who is striving to unravel those tangled skeins, which, just now, seem to be enveloping a helpless humanity, and, in her effort, has sought out the only man whom she feels can help her—Mr Ruxton Farlow, the man who will one day rise to be a great ruler in his country?"

"You sought me out?" inquired Ruxton, ignoring the tribute so frankly spoken.

"That is why I have been on my feet for three hours. Will you do as I have asked?"

The charm of this beautiful creature was greater than the man knew. The situation, as she put it, was wholly impossible. Yet her fascination was such that he was impelled to hold out his hand.

"For a time, at least, we are comrades in a common cause," he said, smiling. "My hand on it."

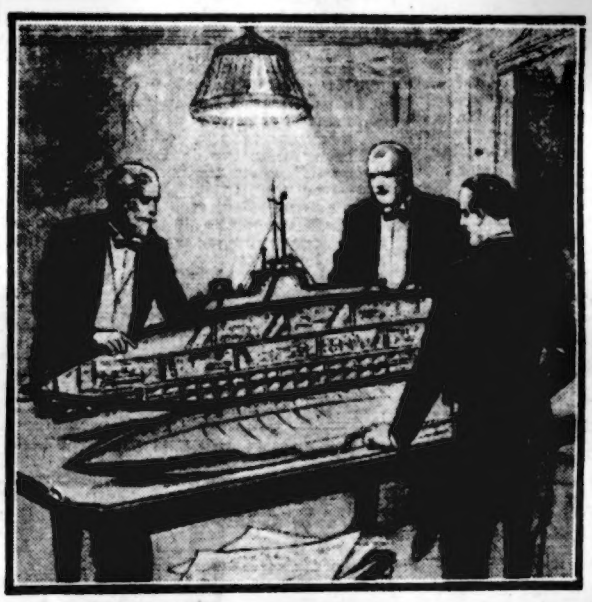
The woman laid a white-gloved hand in his, and the thought in the man's mind was regret at the necessity for gloves.

Ruxton stretched himself out on the heather again. This time he was on his side, supporting his head upon his hand and facing her. The moon was shining full down upon her uncovered hair, and illuminating the perfect features which held the man's gaze.

"And now for the tangled skein," he said with attempted lightness, while his eyes lit whimsically.

"Ruxton Farlow doesn't need a woman to point the dreadful tangle in which humanity is involved—just now. He knows more of the threads than perhaps any man of his country. He was thinking of them when he was run to earth here upon this scented waste of Nature's riot. He was probably pulling apart the wretched threads himself, seeking hope in his endeavour, hope for the future, hope for the future of this land we both love, and for its people. Doubtless he, as others, has found the task something more than arduous, and no doubt he has searched the scene that lies below him, yearning for that peace of mind which oblivion has yielded in recent days to so many souls which have passed beneath the shining surface which encircles this iron-bound coast."

Ruxton's eyes devoured the entrancing



"The eyes of all three were focussed intently upon the object lying upon the table—a model of a strange-looking water craft."

animation which accompanied the words. An added amazement had leapt within him. She had fathomed his secret feelings as his eyes had searched the surface of the shimmering summer sea. Her understanding was even more uncanny than had been her sudden apparition. Who was she? he kept reiterating to himself. Who? And where did she come from?

"I felt all that," he found himself saying.

"I know. I have felt it all, too. But your feeling had no inspiration in cowardice. It is the mind of the imaginative that sees an exaggeration in all that offends the sensibilities. It is the mind that distorts with painful fancy the threat which has not yet fallen. It is the mind which is inspired by a heart strong with hope, which in its turn owes its inspiration to a spirit possessed of a great power to do. Of such spirit are the leaders of men. Their mental agony is theirs alone, they suffer and do for those others who do not possess power to do for themselves."

The woman's eyes were turned upon the distant horizon again. Their gaze was introspective, and she talked as she thought, regardless for the time of the man beside her.

"And the threat—which inspires these phantasms?" he said, as the musical tones ceased, and the murmur of the sea came up to them in their eyrie.

"It is a reality."

Ruxton stirred. He sat up once more, and his gaze, for the moment, left the beautiful profile, and wandered towards the eastern horizon.

"I know," he said simply.

"I have seen," came the impressive rejoinder.

Ruxton's eyes came back to the woman's face.

"Will you tell me?"

"The telling would be worthless. It would convey simply—words. There is better than telling."

"But the world is at peace now," Ruxton suggested.

"It was at peace before, when—the telling came from all ends of the world."

"And no one listened."

"Those who could have helped refused to hear. And those who heard were powerless."

"So now you come——?"

"To one who, eschewing all that his wealth and position could give him of life's leisure and delight, has dedicated his whole future to the land I—have learned to love."

"And what would you have me do?" he hardly recognised as his own.

"I am a Pole."

The admission came promptly.

"You speak English—perfectly," he persisted in the same voice.

"I am—glad."

"Where were you—during the war?"

"In England."

The questions and answers flew back and forth without a semblance of hesitation.

"Yes, yes." Then the man mused. "There were thousands of foreigners at large in England—then."

"But not all were—spies."

The man lowered his eyes. A flush stole up to his brow. It was a flush of shame.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said.

"Why should you? Your country should be first in your thoughts. You have not hurt me."

Ruxton passed one hand across his broad, fair forehead

"But you—a Pole. It seems——"

"It seems that I must have some motive other than I have stated. I have." A bitter laugh accompanied the admission. Quite suddenly she threw her arms wide in a dramatic gesture. "Look at me," she cried. "You see a Pole, but before all things you see a woman. Give riot to your heart, and leave your head for other things. Then you will understand my motives. I have lived through centuries of horror during that terrible war. A horror that even you, who know the horrors committed, will never be able to understand. The innocent women and children in Belgium and France and my own country, on your own shores, on the high seas. O God!" she buried her face in her hands. Then in a moment she looked up. "Think—think if at some future time the Teuton demons overrun this beautiful land I love. The past, those horrors of which I have spoken are nothing to that which will be committed here in England. Now do you understand? Now—will you let me show you what—I can show you?"

"I think I understand—now."

"And you will grant my request?" The urgency was intense. But in a moment the woman went on in a changed tone. A soft smile accompanied her next words. "But no. Don't answer now. It would not be fair to yourself. It would not be fair to your country. It would even deny all that I believe of you. Keep your answer. You will give it to me—later. I will not let you forget. Now I must go."

She rose to her feet, and Ruxton watched her with stirring feelings as she occupied herself with that truly feminine process of smoothing out the creases of the costume, which had suffered by contact with the heather.

At last she held out her white-gloved hand, and Ruxton sprang to his feet. He realised that she was about to vanish out of his life as swiftly and mysteriously as she had entered it.

"You are going?" he said quickly.

"Yes. But you will be reminded."

The man held the gloved hand a shade longer than was necessary.

"But on these cliffs? Alone?" Somehow her going had become impossible to him.

But the woman laughed easily.

"It will be only a few moments on these cliffs. It is nothing. Remember I have been wandering about for three hours—alone."

"But—goodbye?"

The man made his farewell regretfully. He had been about to ask her how, with ten miles to Dorby and a considerable distance to other villages, she would only be on the cliffs a few moments. But he felt that her coming and her going were her secret, and he had no right to pry into it—yet.

"Goodbye."

The woman turned away, but was promptly arrested by a swift question.

"May I not know your name?"

The stranger faced him once more, and her smile lit up her radiant features till Ruxton felt that never in his life had he seen anything to equal her beauty.

"My name? Yes—why not? It is Vladimir—Vita Vladimir."

Then in a moment the man stood gazing after her, as the brilliant moonlight outlined the perfect symmetry of her receding figure.

The Mystery.

Ruxton Farlow's return home was even more preoccupied than had been his going. An entirely new sensation was stirring within him.

The coming of a woman into the affairs of his life seemed to him as incongruous as it was pleasant, and, in the circumstances, justified. It was an element all unconsidered before.

Vita Vladimir!

It was a name such as he might have discovered anywhere amongst the foreign colony in Soho. His attraction towards the woman afforded no glamour to the name. None at all. He told himself frankly it did not fit her. Furthermore it left him unconvinced that it truly belonged to her. Yet she said she was a Pole. And somewhere in the back cells of memory there was a sort of hazy recollection that "Vladimir" had some connection with Polish history.

However, the question of her name left him cold. Only the vivid picture of her personality remained in his mind.

Ruxton had no wish to meet his father again that night. He wanted solitude.

But that particular pleasure was definitely denied him. When he entered the library the lights were still on, and he beheld his father's curly white head still bent over the table at which he was wont to attend to his private correspondence.

The old man looked up as the other walked down the long book-lined room towards him. His deep-set eyes were smiling as they were ever ready to smile upon the companion of his wifeless life.

"Finished your ramble?" he inquired pleasantly.

Ruxton returned the smile and flung himself upon a long old settle before he replied.

"The ramble is finished," he said, preparing to light a cigar.

Their eyes met. The father knew there remained something as yet unspoken behind the reply. He waited. But Ruxton's decision was not yet taken.

"Finished your letters yet?" he inquired from behind a cloud of smoke.

The bright blue eyes surveying him twinkled.

"One more," his father said.

"Go ahead then."

Sir Andrew gathered up a sheaf of sealed envelopes and flung them into his post basket. "Twenty-five letters. Answers to cranks. Answers to those philanthropists who love to do good with other folks' money. Answers to beggars, to would-be blackmailers, to public institutions whose chief asset is a carefully-compiled list of likely subscribers, and then—those whom we have decided to encourage—the inventors Here is our friend Charles Smith." He picked up the last letter remaining to be dealt with. "What am I going to say to him?"

The old man scratched one shaggy eyebrow with the point of his penholder—one of his signs of doubt and perplexity.

"This secrecy business adds importance to the reply," he added.

Ruxton held out his hand.

"Let's read it again," he said.

His father passed the letter across, and sat watching the concentrated brows of his son, while the latter reperused the contents.

The watching man was about to turn back to his desk when his eyes abruptly widened questioningly. Ruxton had suddenly sat bolt upright, and a quick flush of suppressed excitement spread over his strong expressive features.

"Veevee, London!" he exclaimed. "A code address which is obviously a word made out of initial letters. V. V." Then he looked across at his startled parent. "I say, dad, there's mystery here all right—mystery everywhere to-night. V. V. Those initials fit Vita Vladimir exactly."

"Precisely. Also Vivian Vansittart," smiled his father. "Or any other high-sounding names beginning with V."

Ruxton passed the letter back with a laugh. Then he flung himself back on the settle.

(Continued on page 1.)

LATEST FROM LONDON.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM AMONG AMERICANS.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE wildest excitement prevailed in London to-night amongst Americans when the cables arrived with the news that President Wilson had taken action at last against German piracy.

Thousands of citizens of the United States are employed in London. They are to be found in the city, but for the most part they make the vicinity of Shafteebury Avenue their headquarters. At noon scores of them were to be seen in the luncheon rooms and the hotels of Piccadilly and the Strand eagerly awaiting news and discussing the prospects.

The utmost fervour was manifested. One and all were of opinion that war was inevitable. In some of the hotels were Americans who were awaiting vessels to take them home, and the prevailing hope was that they would be ab'e to leave in the full knowledge that they could look their fellow-countrymen at home in the face.

"We are sick to death of waiting to see Germany taught that she cannot trample with impunity on the stars and stripes," said one of them. "If she doesn't, I'll turn Canadian somehow and enlist in London."

Almost without exception the Americans in London are at heart with the Allies. Among those I met is one who gave up a position with a salary of four figures to enlist in a Scottish regiment, but who is despondent because he developed illness and was invalided out of the service.

Americans Enthusiastic.

When the news was received that President Wilson had decided to recall Mr Gerard from Berlin, and had handed Count Bernstorff his papers, the excitement knew no bounds. Eager inquiries were made as to what this really meant, and although it was pointed out that this did not necessarily mean war, the toast of the American Navy was enthusiastically pledged and the hope expressed that if Germany did not recognise the futility of further action, the American bluejackets would soon be working in conjunction with the British Navy.

In some circles it is believed that the prompt action of President Wilson will bring Germany to her senses, and that she will now climb down, recognising that there is no longer anything to be gained by bluff. Other Americans hold that Germany will not yield one jot or tittle until she has succeeded in bringing America into the war against her. This would have the effect of arraigning other neutrals on our side, and would provide an excuse for the baffled German authorities to find a way of bringing the war to a speedy close. If the followers of President Wilson in America are as solidly banded together in support of him as are the Americans on this side of the Atlantic, it is the beginning of the end of the Germans' defiance of civilisation.

Sailors and the Pirates.

In shipping circles no difficulty is being experienced in connection with the manning of vessels. The average seafaring man has such a contempt for our enemies that he simply refuses to take the menace seriously. There has indeed been a rush on the part of men on the retired list to help the owners out of any difficulties that might arise, but so far there has been no immediate necessity to use them.

It will be remarked that since the German campaign was announced there has been singularly little of a sensational nature to record. It is an open secret here that this is because the Admiralty have not been asleep, but have ample means at their disposal to deal with the menace.

There is no cause whatever for any uneasiness. Our naval forces, as the First Lord has pointed out, are daily and nightly using the best means to combat the piratical devices of the enemy.

Helping on the War in the Kitchens.

Lord Devonport is fully convinced that housewives can help to win the war in the kitchens of Britain.

Whatever he has done in the past he has done thoroughly, and, having experimented on himself, and found that the rations he has drawn up are sufficient for the individual, he has asked the nation to follow his example. There can be only one response to his appeal, and, this being so, the necessity for adopting compulsory rationing will be obviated.

A special appeal has been made to the women of the country. They have the purchasing power in their hands, and it is they who can use their influence against extravagance and in the direction of self-denial.

What has to be borne in mind is that, should Lord Devonport's scheme fail and compulsion be introduced, the end of the war will not see the end of the scheme. It will be some time after peace is declared before the difficulties are removed, the ticket system abolished, with the long waits in queues, the troublesome production of proof of the number in the family, and all the other disadvantages of the system.

Our Lady Police.

There has been an extraordinary response to the call for policewomen, and patrols can now be seen in all the principal West End thoroughfares. At a late hour to-night I watched two women still in their ordinary clothes, but distinguished by armlets, doing some very useful work in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross Station.

From results already achieved I am informed that it is not likely that the new force will ever be disbanded. There will always be work for educated and well-meaning women to do in London.

In other directions I am informed the response to the call of the Women's Legion has been eminently satisfactory. The women are steadily rolling in, among them 1000 cooks and waitresses for war work having enrolled. For munition work volunteers are still wanted, especially in the filling factories.

GERMANY RUNS AMOK ON THE SEAS.

ALL HOPE OF LAND VICTORY ABANDONED—THE ANSWER OF AMERICA.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

AND so it has come at last! By the mouth of her own Chancellor, and the terms of her Note to the neutral Powers, Germany announces that she abandons the last vestige of restraint, and will wage a ruthless war against all the world's shipping. Germany, says Bethmann Hollweg, is staking all to win or lose all in this final naval effort.

What a reversal of conditions from the first days of the war! Then we embarked on hostilities as the paramount naval Power, possessing only a small military strength. Our chief and most formidable opponent relied for a speedy victory on his enormous and carefully-prepared armies. It was true Germany also had a powerful fleet, but she was the last of all the great naval nations to adopt the submarine, and had few of these craft at the outset of the war. She placed no great reliance on their efficiency. All our strength was on the sea, while Germany's might was on land. It was a case of the whale fighting the elephant.

> To-day the positions are almost reversed. It is hoped that Britain, as a great military Power, will administer the coup-de-grace to Germany, while Germany in her turn abandons all hope of military conquest, and strikes blindly at us in one final effort on the seas.

The criminality and arrogance of the enemy's policy has been denounced, not only in this country and those of our Allies, but by all the non-belligerent nations. Further denunciation is not necessary, but the excuse Germany offers in palliation of her crime is perhaps as foul as the deed itself.

Bethmann Hollwegg pretends he has only recently discovered that his country's resources in underwater craft provide an adequate and fortunately convenient method of intimidating the Allies. The type of large, ocean-going submarine Germany requires for her new onslaught is built neither in a day nor in a month or two. The enemy's peace proposals date from last December, but before that time the U boats for the new campaign must have been begun.

They first prepared the sword. Next they offered peace terms of so obviously an impossible nature rejection by the Allies could be counted on in advance. And that rejection they now plead as their justification.

Britain Undismayed.

We need not be dismayed by Germany's threats. Twice before have we been confronted by this menace and overthrown it. By coincidence, it is always the month of February that the Hun selects for his proclamations of barbarity "urbi et orbi." In February, 1915, Admiral von Tirpitz made the first declaration of a submarine blockade of the British Isles. This attempt came to naught, thanks to the exertions of our navy. In February of last year the Grand Admiral announced that all armed merchant ships were to be sunk at sight. Soon afterwards he fell from power.

> German diplomatists foresaw that such a policy would lead to immediate and dangerous complications with the United States. To-day, the same diplomatists, headed by Bethmann Hollweg, are more royalist than the deposed king of pirates. Whether armed or defenceless, shipping will be sunk. All regard for American opinion is thrown to the winds.

The third German declaration of February is more dangerous than any of its predecessors, because Germany now possesses what was lacking in 1915 and 1916—an adequate submarine force for putting her threats into execution. Sir Edward Carson and Sir John Jellicoe have wisely told us the situation is more menacing than on any former occasion. But they have assured us that everything is being, and will be done, to get the upper hand of the U boats.

We are to co-ordinate and extend our anti-submarine campaign with France and Italy. By laying great minefields in the North Sea, we attempt to destroy the pirates near their lairs and cut off the retreat of those already at sea. From France comes news of new inventions and devices which can rob the submarine of its invisibility, even at a great depth under the surface.

Still, all this is not enough. We must build ships and more ships, arm them, grow food, and leave no stone unturned to frustrate the enemy.

There is much encouragement to be found in the German declarations. Bethmann Hollweg openly says his country is now fighting for her existence, and that this is to be the last trial of strengh.

> By transferring the final effort to the sea, it looks as if the enemy regards his defeat on land as a foregone conclusion. The army can only fight a rear-guard action to cover and prolong the submarine campaign. In the Note issued to the neutral nations it is now openly admitted that the civilian population in Germany are suffering great privations through our blockade.

Reading between the lines, it looks as if the enemy is going to make an extensive use of mine-laying U boats in his new piratical career. Of what use, then, are all the safeguards, precautions, and directions issued to American and neutral shipping by the Huns. They do not confer the gift of sight on the blind mechanism of a mine; if a neutral vessel strikes one of these machines, she will be sunk whether she is painted and chequered like Joseph's coat or not.

From the naval standpoint, it does not appear that the enemy's proclamation will make much difference to thinge as they are. Germany marks off two reservations for her untrammelled U-boat warfare. The first area extends roughly round the British Isles and down the Atlantic to the northern Spanish coast in the Bay of Biscay. The second region comprises practcally all the Mediterranean coast of Italy. Both localities have long been infested by the German submarines, whose conduct has been so barbarous, one wonders if they can find any new excesses to perpetrate. Can black be stained blacker? The quality of infamy seems quite sufficient, and what Germany wishes to increase is the quantity of outrages.

The Gauntlet of Defiance to America.

It is useless teaching the devil how to sin, but, after reflection, it is rather puzzling why the enemy should make so great a parade of his intentions, rule areas, lay down laws, trying to pomp before all the world and ride rough-shod over neutrals' rights. No doubt, all this shaking of the mailed fist is as much intended for home consumption as for the outside world; it satisfies the German public's craving for a liberal use of "the underwater phalanx." Otherwise, the enemy would have been better advised not to have made so great a parade of his intentions and cast down the gauntlet of defiance before the United States. A quiet, gradual, and steady increase of U-boat ravages would have served the enemy's ends far better.

The whole interest of the new situation is antcipation, not of the U-boat campaign, for we know what to expect and suffer, but of the attitude of the American Government. All the pledges and assurances given to President Wilson have been cast into the capacious and gorged waste-paper basket of Bethmann-Hollweg.

President Wilson and the great nation over which he rules have decided that such action cannot be tolerated by

> any self-respecting people. By the immediate mobilisation of the U.S. Navy and the dismissal of Count Bernstorff America has declared that if Germany wants war with America, Germany can have it, and at once.

The Germans are distinctly annoyed—or "peeved," as our American friends would say—over the British declaration of the huge new minefield area in the North Sea.

Comment in the Berlin papers is so stereotyped one suspects the German scribes moulded their opinions to accord with official orders from above. They all agree in advance the new British barrier will be perfectly ineffectual in preventing the German Fleet doing as it pleases in the North Sea. After this, Von Pooh-Bah goes on to utter a few characteristic little pleasantries for our benefit, suggesting boiling oil, iron answers, holy wrath, &c., unless we desist from dumping mines. All of which suggests the Hun is really rattled, and would like to cozen and scare us out of putting a high-explosive fence round his quarter of the North Sea.

According to the State Department of Washington, the portion of the North Sea which will be rendered dangerous is represented by "an area composing all waters (except Netherlands and Danish territorial waters) lying south-west and east of a line commencing four miles from the west of Jutland in latitude 56 deg. N., longitude 8 deg. E., and passing through the following positions:—Lat. 56 deg. N., long. 6 deg. E.; lat. 54 deg. N., long. 0.45 deg. E.; thence to a position in lat. 53 deg. 37 min. N., long. 5 deg. E., seven miles from the Netherlands coast."

Which, perhaps, requires a little elucidation in case any readers would like to edit up their war maps. The area starts off the west Jutland coast, a little to the south-east of Ringkjobing at the point where the 56th degree of latitude is crossed by 8th degree of longtitude. Thence it runs due east along the 56th degree to the point where it is crossed by the 6th degree of longtitude. Now it turns south-west, and runs along the centre of the Dogger Bank to a point a little to the south-east of Flamborough Head, approximately at the point where the meridian of Greenwich is crossed by the 54th degree of latitude. Here a passage is left between the corner of the declared area and the Yorkshire coast. The last boundary runs south-east to a point off the Dutch coast near the Texel.

After making a rough series of calculations, the area enclosed within these limits is roughly forty thousand square miles of sea! But it is necessary to subtract from this the corner of the North Sea more or less under German control, which the enemy claims as lying within a hundred miles radius from Heligoland, a tract of about nineteen thousand square miles of water. Rather a large claim, but, conceding it, we are still left with twenty-one thousand square miles of "mineable" sea, an enormous area to sow with the navy's high-explosive seed potatoes in garden allotments. It looks doubtful if the Admiralty intends to mine the whole of the interdicted region at once. More probably the naval authorities wish to rule off a prohibited enclosure in which they will be at liberty to prepare or remove minefields without giving any further form of notice to neutral countries.

The Chief Efficacy of the Mine.

The chief efficacy of the mine consists in surprise. You cannot hope to sink hostile warships unless you place mines in unexpected places where the enemy will venture without suspicion. If the other side even suspects a certain quarter has been sown with mines, sweepers will be sent out before any important squadron will go near the area infected by T.N.T.

Our minefields have been of a very public species, for their exact location has always been publicly advertised. We did this to comply with the rules of international law and safeguard the interests of neutral shipping. The Germans, of course, also became aware of where our mines exactly lay and what waters to be wary of. It was just as if we had put up large notice boards, "Trespassers will be Prosecuted. All Dogs Destroyed. Beware of Spring Guns," along each of our minefields.

The Germans carefully conceal all their mine losses, but from published and verified information, only two German cruisers, one submarine, and about a score of auxiliary craft have been sunk by these machines. In every case they perished from running on German and not British mines. They know where our mines are planted.

On the other hand, the enemy absolutely disregards all international restrictions on the sowing of mines. On the first day of war he sent a disguised mine-layer to the mouth of the Thames. A few months later another vessel of this kind went and scattered mines on the Atlantic trade routes. Submarine mine-layers are liberally used by the Germans, and we have had to pay a fairly heavy toll to these ships. All this time we have held our hand and played the game according to the rules. By making public our mined areas we voluntarily gave up the efficient use of a machine which is particularly well adapted to the shallow waters of the North Sea.

> Now we are going to tackle the Hun with his own weapon, without traversing the obligations of civilised warfare. We declare that an enormous area of water is going to be rendered dangerous to shipping, but, while defining the safe boundaries, we do not reveal exactly where and when our surprises will be planted.

Against the Dutch and Danish coasts we are unable to mine in neutral waters. Passages are left for non-belligerent shipping off Jutland and the Texel. They are loopholes for the escape of German warships, and the Germans will take full license with any safe passage through their neighbours' coastal waters, so as to dodge round our "dangerous area." But mouseholes can be closely watched. Approaches to the Baltic are not affected. German commerce raiders still have one clear line of retreat left to their home ports.

Enemy's Bestial Retort.

The enemy's retort appears to be of an utterly bestial nature, even for the crime-besmeared Hun. As they feel impotent to cope with the navy's might they select a defenceless victim as a matter of habit, and declare war on the Red Cross.

They manufacture an absolutely mendacious excuse by saying they possess irrefutable proof of British cross-Channel hospital ships being employed for the transport of troops and war stores, and they declare they will not permit the passage of any more hospital ships within an area bounded by lines between (1) Flamborough Head and Terschelling on the Dutch coast, and (2) Ushant and Land's End. It is remarkable their Flamborough Head-Terschelling limit almost exactly coincides with the south-western boundary of our new minefield area.

Just two years ago a German submarine tried to chase and sink the British hospital ship Asturias, but the enemy had sufficient shame then to try and excuse himself by pleading a "regrettable error." They made allegations against the use of British hospital ships in the Mediterranean. We replied by immediately sending the Mauretania to Naples and having her inspected by three neutral consuls, who found she was being used in a perfectly legitimate manner.

More recently the Berlin Naval Staff issued a report that British hospital ships were observed by a U boat to be deeply laden and carried a very large number of troops on deck. It was insinuated they were being used as troop transports under cover of the Red Cross. This foul innuendo was at once contradicted by the British Government.

It cannot be forgotten that the only instance of an hospital ship being used for unlawful purpses is this war concerned the German Ophelia. The Prize Court found it proven she was being employed as an illicit naval scout for the Germans.

The British Government has wisely taken immediate and firm measures against this diabolic threat of the enemy's. We have caused the German Government to be advised that if any attacks are carried out against our hospital ships, reprisals will at once be carried out by ourselves. The nature of those reprisals are not indicated; they may be severe, as the situation warrants.

> If they are put into force we shall probably have some ebullition of maudlin sentimentality from a small but noisy section of the public conscientiously objecting to any form of British reprisals. But only a salutary example will convince the enemy that he will not be allowed to extend his previous abominations at sea without being punished.

ON OUR HONOUR!

Lord Devonport, Food Controller, has placed the nation upon its honour.

He wants us to be as frugal as possible, and to ration ourselves.

As a beginning he suggests that only the following quantities should be purchased weekly for each person of the household:—

Bread—Four pounds (or its equivalent in flour, three pounds).

Meat—Two and a half pounds.

Sugar—Three-quarters of a pound.

If we ration ourselves we are making it easier for the navy to counter the pirates, who have run amok.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

The Mere Idea!

Of the conquest of other peoples the mere idea has ever been repulsive to the German soul.—Strassburg Post.

The World's Liberator.

The Kaiser's mission is to liberate the world, first, from the external pressure of corruption through English lies and deceit and the English huckster spirit.—Rheinisch Westfalische Zeitung.

The War Like Micawber.

Those who are responsible for the leading of the German armies know full well that the day is utterly lost if the truth spreads amongst those who are doing the fighting. The Germans will talk of victory as long as they can, and will resist as long as the pack hangs together in the hope of some salvation turning up.—Weekly News.

A Ludicrous Phrase.

Of the ludicrous catch-phrase about this being "a war to end war" we say nothing. That particular phrase, very catching here a year or two ago, seems to have crossed the Atlantic, and is doing business elsewhere. Before it is done with some of our friends over there, who prefer thinking to vapouring, may wish it had been submarined on the way and deported to some region of perpetual peace.—Saturday Review.

Stupid Savagery.

Apart from its other qualities, the German Note is a study in stupid savagery. But it is hardly worse than the Bethmann Hollweg speech. I am told the Chancellor recently addressed some German representative men in a private speech, admitting that the interior situation was deplorable, that the potato crop was a failure, and that the country could not hold out long, though the army might be sustained for two years. Therefore the country had better put all its force into the submarine campaign. But how badly the avowal has been made; how coarse the mentality which expounds it! German tactlessness is something beyond a crime; it is a kind of super-offence, which ordains and gives birth to all the others.—The Nation.

German Offensive by Land and Sea.

If the enemy cannot achieve success by sea, whether negatively by gradually strangling maritime communications by submarines, or positively by winning a great naval action, his only other alternative is to gamble on an early offensive in the West. He cannot possibly get a superiority of numbers there. He must take the odds. By taking the odds, of course, he shortens the war against himself badly if he loses. In other words, the enemy is bound to one of two things, and quite possibly may attempt both of these things (for they are compatible as simultaneous actions), a stroke by sea and a stroke in the West by land.—H. Belloc in Land and Water.

Mr Lloyd George and Party Funds.

Mr Lloyd George has the distinction of being the first Prime Minister for many generations who has had no party funds behind him. It is an honourable distinction. But after a certain lapse of time a post of honour often becomes a post of undue and unnecessary danger. In the present state of our political development the greatest man could not long govern the country without money. It is true that the Prime Minister always controls the "fount of honour" or the "source of supply." We mean the ability to confer titles. But Rome was not made in a day and a respectable party fund is the result of many a peerage. We believe, therefore, that Mr Lloyd George will be well advised to get as close as possible as soon as possible to some party fund.—The Outlook.

An Orgy of Extravagance.

A veritable orgy of extravagance is now in progress. New Departments are created almost every week, and the first step they take is to annex some big hotel or club, and then fill it with young women, many of whom are engaged at relatively high salaries to do work of an extremely simple character. The contrast between the scale of wages offered for clerical work in Government offices and the scale offered for the much more important national work of agriculture is one of the ironies of our present economic situation. The Government, while preaching that all efforts should be concentrated on national work, are deliberately decoying young women, and also to a considerable extent men, away from the field to the office. There is more than a suspicion that a great deal of the work done in these offices need not be done at all, and is an obstruction rather than an assistance to the real progress of the war.—Spectator.

Epitaphs on the Kaiser.

Here lies William, the King of Prussia,
He died of "England, France, and Russia."

The only German soldier who never fired a gun,
The only German father who never lost a son,

Bill called himself the Lord of War, but never faced a fight.
He died in bed, I'll bet you, with the doctors day and night!

"Lusitania Will" lies here.
Few will weep while millions cheer.

Here lies the Kaiser, who (oh, mark you well!)
Hath made of God a mock, of earth a hell.
His nation's mothers mourn their rulers fate,
Not that he died, but that he died too late!
—From Life, New York.

ALLEGED PLOT TO TAKE PREMIER'S LIFE.

STARTLING REVELATIONS OF AMAZING POISON SCHEME.

SENSATIONAL LETTERS AND STATEMENTS.

Derby, Saturday Night.

Amazing revelations were made in Derby Police Court to-day by the Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Smith, who graphically unfolded the details of an alleged diabolical plot to poison Mr Lloyd George and Mr Arthur Henderson.

The accused persons were:—

Alice Wheeldon (50), married, second-hand dealer, of Pear Tree Road, Derby;

Alfred George Mason (25), chemist, of Hillbrook Road, Southampton;

Winie Mason (30), his wife, of the same address (daughter of Alice Wheeldon); and

Harriet Ann, alias Hetty, Wheeldon, 27 Pear Tree Road, Derby (daughter of Alice Wheeldon).

The quartette, it will be recalled, were arrested on Tuesday last. At the preliminary hearing they had complained of the inhospitality of Derby police cells, and they were then removed to Birmingham gaol.

There was considerable excitement in Court when the prisoners entered the dock. The Court was crowded, and the interest throughout the whole proceedings was intense. The accused followed the proceedings keenly, and Harriet Wheeldon took voluminous notes.

The prisoners, said Sir Frederick Smith, in opening the case, were a very desperate and dangerous body of people, consisting of persons who were bitterly hostile to this country, shelterers of fugitives from the army, and persons who did their best to injure Great Bratain in the present crisis.

Mrs Wheeldon was engaged in Derby in the business of a second-hand clothes dealer, and her son William was a conscientious objector, who was at present under arrest. Alfred George Mason was a chemist, who had made a considerable study of poisons, and might properly be considered an expert in such matters.

Defeating Nefarious Schemes.

Mason was himself of military years, and there was some reason for supposing that he was contemplating the evasion of military duties. Those responsible for the Government and safety of the country employed secret agents, for it was well known that there was a comparatively small section of the population trying to avoid military service and to shelter fugitives from justice.

The only method of obtaining acquaintance with such persons and a knowledge of their nefarious schemes was to affect sympathy with them. Another reason for the employment of secret agents was to defeat schemes of sabbotage, especially in munition works.

At the end of December a Government agent, using the name of Alick Gordon, went to Derby, and as the result of investigations summoned a superior named Booth.

Gordon introduced himself to Mrs Wheeldon as a sympathiser, and he introduced Booth as a comrade, Bert, as a fugitive and a member of the Independent World Workers. On December 28 they learned in conversation at Peartree Road that a parcel with a letter enclosed had been sent to Mason for some poison.

Woman's Extraordinary Language.

Sir Frederick explained how letters were sent by the parties in parcels handed in at the Midland Railway, stating that Mrs Wheeldon had very great confidence in Booth, in whom, as in Gordon, she began to confide, and to them she said, speaking of the burning of a church on June, 1914—"We were nearly stopped, but we will beat them."

Mrs Wheeldon showed Booth the stuffed skin of a snake shaped in the form of a bracelet, and said—"It is poisonous, and I wish I had a hundred of them."

Mrs Wheeldon said to Gordon—"You are dead. From this stage you must keep out of the way." To this Gordon agreed, Booth to act as go-between.

Sir Frederick here interposed the explanation that Mrs Wheeldon habitually indulges in language of the most obscene character.

On January 1 Booth and Gordon went to Wheeldon, and asked if the poison had arrived.

Mrs Wheeldon said it had not, but that it would, if the fellow was alive. She then used extremely foul language about Mr Lloyd George and Mr Henderson, and hoped they would soon be dead. She said—"Lloyd George has been the cause of millions of innocent lives being sacrificed. As for that Henderson, he is a traitor to his own people. Aequith is the brains of the business. He does not go so far as Lloyd George. He is neither fit for Heaven nor Hell. Another that ought to be done in is George at Buckingham Palace. He has always pounced on people, and is no b——good."

Boot Nails Dipped in Poison.

Booth asked the best way to do it. Mrs Wheeldon said—"We had a plan when we Suffragettes spent £300 in trying to poison them. It was to get a person in a hotel where he stayed to drive a nail through his boot that had been dipped in the poison, but he went to France." Another plan, she said, was to stick a poisoned needle into the skull, but it was agreed that an innocent person might touch it and die.

The Bench, said counsel, might think it so singular and so wild a scheme that it would require considerable consideration. But such a scheme had in fact been thought out, and the chemical and toxic proficiency of the prisoner Mason was at work to provide them with a poison which was of such a subtle and rare character as could be used quite easily and with swift success.

Ridding the World of a —— Murderer.

She said to Gordon, "You know what you are doing You are ridding the world of a b—— murderer, and will be a saviour of the country."

Both said, "How is this poison used?" She replied—"It is a crystal, and you drop two drops of water in it. Dip your article in, and when the water evaporates it leaves the poison."

She further said—"Now, look here, when I hand the poison over to you I wash my hands of it, and will deny on my word of honour that I ever gave it you."

The man assented. Both called at the shop on January 2, and were told the poison had not come but that it was coming in a roundabout way.

Counsel then read letters which had passed between Pearl, Derby, and the Masons, Southampton, with regard to the non-arrival of the parcel containing the poison, and explained that it had been sent by registered post to a relation, who was unaware of its contents. She was from home, hence the delay in delivery. The correspondence showed that the non-arrival of the poison caused the greatest anxiety at both ends. Ultimately, on January 4, the parcel came into the Wheeldons' hands.

Counsel produced the box in which the four sealed phials arrived. It was a two-ounce tobacco box. Booth took a copy of the instructions which accompanied them as follows:—

Powder in tube A is sufficient for two or even three doses, to be given by the mouth or in solution; powder C to be injected either in solution or by a dart, which will penetrate into the body and stop for a while. Rusted in solution and fired from an air gun or a rusty needle if driven well in with the powder will do, but don't advise unless in urgent dilemma. Solution B—Either by mouth or by injection. Solution D—Injection only. All are certain. In powder form all four will probably leave a trace, but if the bloke wanted does suspect it will be a job to prove it. So long as you have a chance to get at the dog, dead in 20 seconds. Powder A—on meal or bread is o.k. If you care for microbe can supply needle thirty-six hours in strong solution, and allowed to dry in air. Dip again for ten seconds, and allow again to dry; cover with C powder.

Walton Heath For the Deed.

Mrs Wheeldon urged Booth to send for a microbe if he wanted, and suggested Walton Heath as the best place to catch George. She then handed Gordon the box of tubes, remarking that she had cleaned it of finger-prints, and cautioning him to handle them with gloves on. They shook hands, and Mrs Wheeldon wished them the best of luck, adding that there were others when they had done in these persons.

On the same night Gordon handed the box to his superior, Major Lee. Mr Webster, an experienced analyst, had examined and reported on the contents of the phials. A contained 7½ grains of white crystalline substance, B contained 1¼ fluid drams of a colourless liquid, C contained a dark-brown, earthy-looking substance, D had one fluid dram of a turbid brown liquid. A contained 7½ grains of hydrochlorate of strychnine, of which half was a fatal dose, B was a solution of the same, C contained a subtle poison named curare, D was a solution of the same.

Curare, explained Sir Frederick, was a vegetable poison of the greatest subtlety and permanence. It was originally introduced into this country from South America, and its qualities were known only to a few persons of special training. It was well known to the Indians, who had used it to poison their arrows.

It only acted when introduced into a wound, and was practically harmless in the mouth. Introduced into a wound by a needle or a metal, it operated on the junction of the nerves and muscles, caused paralysis, and leading to death by failure of respiration.

Evidence would be given, Counsel added, to show that Alfred Mason had made a splendid study of this poison at the Hartley College, Southampton.

"Who Can Blame the Germans?"

Counsel next read a series of letters which had passed between the prisoners to show, he said, their attitude towards their own country. Hetty, in a letter to her sister Winnie, speaking of the possibility of a Zep raid, said if the people spent the night in their cellars there would be a lot of pneumonia, and that "it will serve them right what they get. Who can blame the Germans now for taking their revenge on the rhinoceros-skinned, perfidious, canting Britons?" (Sensation)

The letters, counsel explained, were written in illiterate patois, an affectation of the authors, who were all educated parties. A favourite expression was "Oh, missus," and some of the letters were in cypher. In another letter she wrote—"What about Lloyd George's visit to the Holy See and God's Vicar? He might be seeing His Majesty himself." A reference to the deity apparently, commented Sir Frederick.

Winnie Mason, writing to her mother, said—"You know what slimy cowards these pious English are if their dirty skins are in danger." Such remarks, said Sir Frederick, was the trend of the correspondence of these engaging young persons.

Other foul and abusive letters were read by counsel. One contained this reference to Mr Lloyd George:—God strafe his b—— eyes." When the prisoners were arrested copies were found at their home of the following periodicals:—The Herald, the Socialist, the Worker, the Suffragette, and the Tribunal.

Scotland Yard Evidence.

A Scotland Yard official named Hallett, who searched Mrs Wheeldon's house, gave evidence. He produced a number of exhibits found. They included a code and its key, the letter on the back of a chess board; also a small stuffed snake skin.

Inspector Parker, of the Special Branch, New Scotland Yard, produced the tobacco tin in which the tubes had arrived in. It was labelled fulbous.

Mr Arthur Cook, living at Walls, Southampton, an assistant at Hartley College, said Mason was a lecturer in pharmacy and dispensing. Some months ago Mason gave him a bottle containing curare, which witness put away in a cupboard. Witnesses identified the phial produced as the same phial Mason had shown him.

Witness said Mason came to him for the curare early in January. Mason took several fragments out of the phial, dissolved them, sealed the solution in a tube with paraffin wax, and put a letter on it.

A Post Office official afterwards gave evidence as to the arrival of the registered parcel of poison at Derby addressed to a Mrs Marshall.

The case will be resumed on Monday.

HARRY LAUDER ROUSES AUDIENCE

BY A WAR LOAN SPEECH IN THEATRE.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

London, Saturday.

Harry Lauder essayed quite a new role at the Shaftesbury Theatre this afternoon, and once again demonstrated the serious side of his character.

After his patriotic song in "Three Cheers" he appeared before the curtain and delivered an impassioned speech, urging his admirers to support the new War Loan. The experiment, made for the first time in a London theatre, was a great success. The wealth of our Empire is something collossal, said Lauder, and we as a people have been called upon to subscribe a paltry two thousand million pounds. It will have to be done or we go under. But we never shall go under, asserted Lauder amid loud cheers.

The monied people of our Empire, the great limited concerns, and the unlimited concerns and institutions and societies of every description, have given enormously. They have almost given all, and now the people are called upon to play their part.

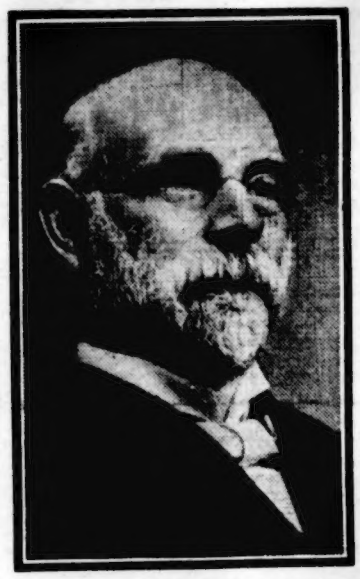
Little Drops of Water.

Do not think, people, because you have only ten or twelve or fifteen or twenty or thirty or a hundred pounds that it is no use to your country. It is of the greatest value to your country. It is in the wee dribbles that make a mighty ocean. It is all the wee burns that trickle down the side of the hills that make the beautiful lochs. It is making a beautiful loch to-day. We certainly have sacrificed. We have sacrificed something that all the wealth in the world cannot buy; it is the best blood of the British Empire, and we are called upon to save as much more of this blood as possible.

Let us try and save it, because, God knows, I don't like to know of a father going through the same horrible emotions that I have gone through myself. We can only save it by giving all the money we can. For over a hundred years we have sung "Rule Britannia," and for a long time we have sung "We've Got the Ships, We've Got the Men, and We've Got the Money too."

We have got the men to-day, and we have got the ships to-day, and we have got the money. We only want to lend it to the country and the fight is ours. You have the greatest investment that the world has ever known, and you have the greatest security behind you, backed by the British Empire.

MOTHERWELL'S LEAD TO SCOTLAND.



The scheme of Motherwell's Town Clerk, Mr James Burns, whose photograph this is, that the steel town should take up £25,000 of War Loan stock to be transferred to small investors in the burgh, has received the cordial approval of the Secretary for Scotland. Motherwell is the first town in Scotland to take up war stock for its citizens, and if Mr Burns' idea is carried out throughout the municipalities of the Kingdom, it will be a distinct feather in this genial Town Clerk's cap.

GERMANY'S ATTEMPT TO STARVE US OUT.

WHY THE ENEMY EVEN WELCOMES WAR WITH AMERICA.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

PRESIDENT WILSON has answered Germany's challenge in the only way compatible with the sense of honour and the high patriotic spirit of a great nation.

America's action in breaking off diplomatic relations may probably lead swiftly to a state of war. Germany knew she was running this risk, and took it. The general opinion is that she has done so because she recognises that a military victory for her arms in the war is now an impossibility. All her hopes, therefore, are centred in her submarine campaign.

> Germany understands truly enough that Britain has now become the keystone of the Allied cause. If she can only starve this country into surrender she believes that the whole alliance against her would collapse and that she would emerge triumphant from the struggle.

On this gambler's chance she has been prepared to risk throwing America into the scale against her. And it is easy to understand the line of argument that has been employed in Berlin to overrule the objections which the German Chancellor is understood to have entertained towards the whole scheme.

Another "Contemptible Little Army."

Germany has always taken the view that since the American Army is restricted by law to a round figure of a hundred thousand men it would be impossible for the United States to offer anything more than financial assistance to the Allies for many months to come. By that time the advocates of this submarine policy fondly imagine that the war might have been brought to a conclusion by the pressure of food shortage on the people of this country.

It is hardly necessary to point out that these calculations ignore altogether the existence of a very powerful American Navy.

> Nor is the assistance which America would be able to offer to the Allies in the matter of finance one that ought to be lightly ignored. If this struggle is to be continued very much longer finance may yet become the most potent factor in determining its ultimate result.

But it can readily be understood that the military resources immediately available in the United States is what concerns Von Hindenburg more than anything else. Anyone who remembers the story of the Civil War does not need to be reminded of the manner in which virtually the whole American nation then sprang to arms.

But at the moment the American Army is contemptible in point of numbers in the sense of which that term was applied to our own indomitable little force which crossed the Channel in the early days of the war. And Germany calculates that such military resources as America possesses would be required in the event of war to coerce the very large German population resident in the States, though there is point in the suave remark of the American diplomatist that, in the event of internal trouble of the kind indicated the cities of the United States are amply provided with excellent lampposts.

A German "Offensive."

Happily there is no danger of this American complication distracting our thoughts from what is after all the main concern of the moment—the concentration of all our energies on the prosecution of the struggle in the West. During the past week the actual war situation has undergone no change, but it is curious to notice that many people are still speculating on the possibility of another big German offensive directed either against the British or the French line.

Surmises of this kind hardly show a proper appreciation of the existing military situation. While winter conditions prevail it is always possible for Germany to strike effectively against one of the smaller Allies in one of the secondary theatres of the war. But she no longer has the power to undertake any big offensive operations on the main, or Western, front. For here she is outnumbered in men; she no longer possesses an aerial supremacy or even equality; and in respect of artillery and munitions she is at a disadvantage which is likely to have a vital influence on the course of the campaign during the coming spring and summer.

> It cannot be too clearly understood that any offensive which Germany may undertake this spring will be defensive in character. If a blow is struck anywhere at all its objective will be not the breaking of the Allied line, but the harassing of the Allied plans.

"The Grand Decision."

Major Moraht, the ablest and probably the best informed of the German military writers, has been explaining to his readers the reason of the present relative lull on all the fighting fronts. "It is not the cold," he writes, "which has this year brought about the almost complete stoppage of the military operations on the various fronts. It is more a question of the regroupment of the forces and the piling up of material for the coming grand decision."

The Allies would be well justified in replying to this by inviting Major Moraht to speak for himself. The explanation he gives is no doubt accurate so far as Germany is concerned. The opinion has already been expressed in this column that the ineffective reply of the enemy artillery to our own incessant bombardment on the Western front is due not so much to any immediate shortage of munitions as to a desire to pile up reserves against the requirements of the coming spring and summer.

But this does not get rid of the fact that the Allies already show themselves better equipped than Germany for what Major Moraht describes as the "coming grand decision." That all Germany's energies are concentrated at the moment on "the regroupment of forces and the piling up of material" is in itself a confession of weakness.

Major Moraht tells us that amongst all the belligerents concentration on the means of transport has assumed tremendous proportions, and he adds the significant admission that "rolling plant and available workmen do not always come up to the expectations of the requirements of the various Headquarters Staff." He expresses the pious hope that in Germany difficulties of organisation "will not impede at the critical moment the freedom of decision of the supreme command."

Reading between the lines of all this, we are justified in assuming that the enemy has fallen somewhat behind with his preparations, and is now feverishly engaged in trying to overtake the lead which the Allies have established.

Activity on the Western Front

So far as the Allies are concerned, it is the weather and not the necessity of piling up material which delays the launching of the great offensive. We have proof of this in the activity displayed all along the Western front whenever the conditions admit of trench raids and of local offensives such as that which was struck in the neighbourhood of Transloy a few days ago.

A correspondent of the Times has borne witness this week to the perfect organisation of the Allied resources on the Western front. "During the last three months," he writes, "I have been able to visit practically the whole of the French front from Dunkirk to Belfort, and everywhere there is the same report to make. As far as I am able to judge, the conditions are such that it would be possible for the French High Command, whenever and wherever they choose, to launch an attack without giving the enemy more warning than what they must necessarily gather from the increased number of rounds fired beforehand by the artillery at any given point before the attack takes place." The same writer argues that even that amount of notice need not necessarily be given.

> It is a question of ammunition, for a simultaneous bombardment all along the front would leave the Germans in complete uncertainty as to where the blow was to be struck.

Aerial observation, of course, makes it very difficult for any large body of troops to be moved without the enemy obtaining information of what is going forward, but we were able to establish a complete aerial ascendancy last summer, and, if our authorities at home have been alive to their responsibilities in the matter of aeroplane construction, there is no reason whatever why this supremacy should ever be lost.

Russia's Role.

It is not pretended, of course, that Russia will be as well equipped for the summer offensive as the Western Allies. Russia has difficulties peculiar to herself which all her loyalty and all her enthusiasm have not entirely succeeded in meeting. And not the least of these difficulties is the problem of transport.

Russia is a country of great distances, ill-equipped with strategic railways. Her position in this respect must not be construed as displaying a lack of national foresight.

> Russia's military plans have always been based on the probability that in any great European conflagration she would probably be called upon to fight a defensive rather than an offensive campaign.

Her intuition proved correct enough in the earlier stages of the present war. Her policy, based, it may be, on the memories of the disaster which befel Napoleon's army when that great commander had the hardihood to march on Moscow with an army of 400,000 men, and lost them nearly all, has always been to discourage rather than encourage railway construction on her western frontiers, when those railways might conceivably prove more valuable to a prospective enemy than to herself.

But the situation is fundamentally changed now that Russia finds herself in a position to co-operate with the Allies in a great offensive. Cut off as she is from outside assistance, Russia is gravely handicapped also by being largely dependent on her own resources for munitions and other material of war.

People talk glibly of the assistance which both Japan and Great Britain are rendering to her in this particular; but they do not always pause to reflect on the enormous distances over which supplies from either of these outside sources have to be carried.

That Russia's weakness in these particulars is receiving the earnest attention of the Allies is indicated by the Allied Conference which is now taking place at Petrograd. Lord Milner, who has had a wide experience in South Africa both in problems of administration and in problems of railway transport, is attending this Conference as the British representative, and has with him as one of his colleagues an expert who has had much to do with building up the wonderful organisation under which here in Great Britain we are now turning out munitions on a scale unexampled in the world's history.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE—By Ridgwell Cullum

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"Wait until I have told you what happened to me to-night. Then write to that man and give him a definite appointment at some time when you can devote several hours to him—if necessary."

Sir Andrew pushed his high-backed chair well away from the desk, and helped himself to a cigar.

"This is one more than I have any right to to-night, Rux," he said, as he crossed his stout legs, "but go ahead."

Both men's cigars had been entirely consumed by the time Ruxton Farlow had finished his long recital.

"It is quite remarkable, boy, quite remarkable," was Sir Andrew's only comment at the conclusion of the story. Then he held the man Smith's letter in his hand, and glanced at the postscript.

But Ruxton was not satisfied with such comment. He was anxious that his hard-headed father should see eye to eye with him.

"But what do you think of it?" he demanded, with suppressed feeling.

The great shipowner took some moments formulating his reply.

"One's impression from your telling is the honesty of the woman," he said deliberately at last. "There are three possibilities in the matter. First, that she is honest. Second, that she—belongs to our enemies. Third, that she is a—crank. But the second and third, I think, can be dismissed. Why should our enemies make such an extraordinary proposal to you or to anybody, short of a man important enough to be done away with? The suggestion of 'crank' is quite dispensable, in view of the significance of the story as it bears on all the possibilities of the future we have discussed. Accepting her honesty, I should say that the answer to this letter will be received by her for—transmission. Well?"

"Then answer that letter in the affirmative, and see this Charles Smith, dad," cried Ruxton, rising and pacing the floor. "I am going to probe this matter to the bottom." Then he came to a halt before the desk, and gazed down into his father's serious eyes. "There is mystery abroad, dad. There is more than mystery. There is something tangible—a great and threatening danger which must be nullified. We don't know what it is yet. We can only surmise, but surmise is futile. We must go and find out, as she said. We must learn these things first hand. I shall go."

"That is what I felt you had—decided." The old man sighed. "I can't disguise my regret, my boy, but it is—in the light o your life's purpose—your duty to go. I will do my part. I will see this—Charles Smith."

. . . . . .

The general election had come and gone like a hurricane of emotion sweeping the country from one end to the other.

Ruxton Farlow was on his way to his little old Georgian house in Smith Square, Westminster. He was returning from Downing Street, where he had been summoned hastily and urgently by the new Prime Minister. He had found that electrical individual busily engaged in superintending the removal of his effects, aided by his equally energetic secretary, from one house in Downing Street to that Mecca of all political aspirations, "No. 10."

Ruxton had avoided the vehicles and packing cases at the door, and was conducted to the great little man's library. And on his entry the secretary had been promptly dismissed. The interview was brief. It was so brief that Ruxton, who understood and preferred such methods, was not a little disconcerted. There had been a hearty handshake, a few swiftly-spoken compliments, and a quick assurance, and once more the big man found himself picking his way amongst the debris on the doorsteps.

But this time he had scarcely seen the obstructions he had to avoid. He dodged them almost mechanically. His heart was beating high with a quiet exultation, for he had left the presence of the wonder-ful little man, who seemed to live his whole life on the edge of his nervous system, with the assurance of a junior Cabinet rank in the new Ministry.

But the first rush of his tumultuous feelings quickly subsided, as was his way, and he remembered that which was at once his duty and desire. So he turned into a post office and despatched a code wire to his father in Yorkshire that he might be the first person in the world to learn of his early triumph. Yes, he wanted his to be the first congratulations. He smiled to himself as he left the post office. The entire press had been devoting itself to forecasting the personnel of the new Cabinet, but in not one single instance had his name been included in the lists.

It was with a sense bordering on perfect delight that he turned into the calm backwater of Smith Square And for once the dingy atmosphere took on a reflected glory from his feelings. For the moment those mental anxieties which had haunted him ever since the Great War were powerless to depress his outlook. Life was very good—very good indeed.

He crossed the square and let himself into his house with a latchkey. He crossed the panelled hall, and flung his hat and cane upon a table and hurried up the stairway to his study. He had been interrupted in his correspondence by the Prime Minister's summons, and now he was anxious to be done with it and be free to contemplate the new situation in the light of those many purposes he had in view.

As he sat down at his desk the door in the oak panelling at the far end of the room was thrust open, and his secretary appeared. In a few moments these two were absorbed in their work with a thoroughness which was characteristic of Ruxton. Thus for two hours and more the memory of his promotion was completely thrust into the background.

The butler had just brought him in a tray of afternoon tea, and the two men took the opportunity to abandon their work for a few minutes' leisure.

Ruxton leant back in his chair and lit a cigar, while the secretary lit a cigarette and poured out the tea.

"Our labours have borne fruit, Heathcote," said Ruxton, seizing the moment to impart his good news. "We are raised from the rank and file. Our future lies on the front benches."

"The Cabinet?"

"Yes, the Cabinet."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and Heathcote rose to answer it. When he returned he handed two telegrams to his chief.

"Telegrams," he said laconically, and returned to his seat and to his tea.

Ruxton ran a paperknife through the envelopes. The first message was from his father. It was brief, cordial, but urgent.

"Heartiest congratulations. Immensely delighted. Must see you at once. Inventor turned out most important as well as mysterious.—Farlow."

Ruxton read the message over two or three times. Then he deliberately tore it up into small pieces and dropped it in the waste-paper basket.

He opened the second message with a preoccupied air. He was thinking—thinking deeply. But in a moment all his preoccupation vanished as he glanced over its contents. He hungrily devoured the words written on the tinted paper.

"Am delighted at your promotion. I anticipated it. My most heartfelt good wishes. Do not let this success make you forget our meeting. Dare I hope that you may find your way to 17 Streamside Mansions, Kensington?—Vita Vladimir."

It was some moments before Ruxton's eyes left that message. A world of unsuspected emotion was stirring within him. He had not forgotten. He was never likely to forget. But in the midst of his emotion some freak of mind had caught and held the significance of this mysterious creature's congratulations. How — how had she learned of his promotion, when no one but himself and the Prime Minister knew of it?

Suddenly he bestirred himself. He carefully refolded Vita's message, and placed it in his pocket. Then he turned to Heathcote.

"I shall have to go to Dorby to-night. My father wants me. It is rather important. Fortunately things here will not require me just now. But you must notify me of anything important happening. Meantime give orders to have my things got ready, and look me out a train. I must run out to send a wire."

"Can't I send it for you?"

"No-o. I think not, thanks."

Mr Charles Smith.

A profound silence reigned in the library at Dorby Towers.

Two men were occupying one side of the table, and Ruxton Farlow sat alone at the other. The eyes of all three were focussed intently upon the object lying upon the table, which was a ten-foot model of a strange-looking water craft.

The first to break the spell of the burden of silence was Sir Andrew Farlow, who, with a bearded stranger, occupied the side of the table opposite his son. But his was no attempt at speech. He merely leaned forward with an elbow on the polished oak, and his fingers softly stroking his square chin and tightly-compressed lips. He was humming softly, an expression of an intently occupied mind. The fixity of his gaze suggested a desire to bore a way to the heart of the secrets the strange model contained.

The bearded stranger was watching him closely, while his eyes appeared to be focussed upon the object of interest, and presently, as though the psychological moment had arrived, he, too, leaned forward, and, with an arm stretched out, terminating in a long, lean, tenacious-looking hand, he pressed a button on the side of the model. Instantly the whole interior of it was lit electrically, and the light shone through a series of exquisitely-finished glass-covered port-holes extending down the vessel's entire sides.

He spoke no word, but sat back in his chair and went on smoking, while he closely watched for any sign of impression which the two interested spectators displayed.

The moments slipped by. The patient stranger sat on with his long lean legs crossed, and a benevolent smile in his large eyes. After a while Ruxton sat back in his chair. Then Sir Andrew abandoned his inspection, and turned to the man beside him.

It seemed to be the cue awaited, for the stranger promptly leant forward again and released a spring by the movement of a switch. Instantly the model split in half, and, opening much in the fashion of a pea-pod, displayed the longitudinal sections of its interior.

Simultaneously the two men whose lives had been hitherto given up to ship construction rose to their feet, and pored over the wonderful and delicate mechanism and design the interior revealed.

Then it was that Sir Andrew verbally broke the silence.

"Will you explain, Mr Smith?"

The inventor removed his cigar.

"You know—marine mechanism?" he inquired.

Sir Andrew nodded.

"Yes, unless there is a new principle here."

"It is the perfect submarine principle which was used towards the end of the war. There is no fresh detail in that direction."

"We have a complete knowledge of that principle," said Ruxton. "We have been constructing for the Admiralty throughout the war."

"Good."

There was a distinct "T" at the end of the word as Mr Smith spoke it.

Ruxton shot a quick glance in his direction. The man's whole personality was an unusual one. He was very tall and very thin. His intellectual head, quite nobly formed, was crowned by a shock of snow-white hair, closely hogged, as might be a horse's mane. His features were almost as lean as his body.

"Then there is little enough to explain, except for the architectural side of the matter," Mr Smith went on, with a peculiarly back-of-the-throat tone in his speech, which also possessed a shadow of foreign accent. "I am not offering you a submarine principle. That is established now all over the world. I please to call my invention a submersible merchantman. You will observe the holds for merchandise You will see the engine-rooms," he went on, rising and pointing out each detail as he enumerated it. "There are the state-room decks, with the accompaniment of saloon and kitchens and baths, and—and all the necessities of passenger traffic. Everything is there on a lesser scale such as you will find on a surface liner. As speed and engine power will compare favourably with any liner afloat up to ten thousand tons. Thus it has the speed of a surface craft on the surface, with the added advantages of a submarine. In addition to these, I have a light in the course of production which will serve to render the submarine immune from the dangers of submersion. I call it the 'U-rays.'"

"The U-rays?" Ruxton's inquiry came like a shot.

"Just so."

Mr Smith replied quite unhesitatingly, and Ruxton's obvious suspicion was disarmed.

"This vessel," the inventor went on, quite undisturbed, "solves the last problem of sea traffic under—all conditions."

The light of enthusiasm was shining in the man's luminous eyes as he made his final pronouncement. It was as though the thought had filled him with a profound hope of the fulfilment of some ardent desire. It suggested to the more imaginative Ruxton that he cared more for the purpose of his invention than for its commercial aspect to himself.

"You speak, of course, of—war," Ruxton said.

The large eyes of the stranger widened with horror and passion.

"I speak of—international murder!" he cried fiercely.

Sir Andrew turned from the model at the tone of the reply. Ruxton would have pursued the subject, but Mr Smith gave him no opportunity.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," he said, with a sudden, exquisite smile of childlike simplicity. "Memories are painful. I have much that I remember, and—but let us keep to the business in hand."

"Memories are painful to us all—here in England," said Ruxton gently. "But—this is a beautiful model. Perfect in every detail."

"It was made in my own shops," returned the inventor simply.

"And you say this," indicating the model, "has been tested on a constructed vessel?"

"I have travelled more than ten thousand miles in just such a vessel. I have travelled on the surface at twenty-four knots, and under the surface at fifteen. I have carried mixed cargoes, and I have carried certain passengers. All these things I have done for experiment, so that the principle should be perfected. You can judge for yourselves. A vessel of this type awaits your pleasure at any hour—a vessel of two thousand tons."

"Two thousand?" The incredulous ejaculation escaped Sir Andrew before he was aware of it.

"It is nothing," exclaimed Mr Smith, turning quickly. "A vessel of ten thousand tons can just as easily be constructed."

The sweeping assertion, spoken with so simple a confidence, had the effect of silence upon his audience. It was overwhelming even to these men who had witnessed the extraordinary development of invention during the war.

After awhile Ruxton broke the silence.

"In your original communication to us you assured us of a means of avoiding the losses we endured during the war from submarine attack. This I understand is the—means. Will you point its uses? I see it in my own way, but I should like to hear another mind on the subject."

Mr Smith folded his arms and settled himself in his chair. Ruxton was not seeking information on the subject of the boat. His imagination told him all he wanted to know in that direction. It was the man he wanted to study. It was the man he was not certain of. He was convinced that this man was a foreigner, for all his British name. He desired to fathom the purpose lying behind this stranger's actions.

"A great Admiral just before the war," said the inventor, "declared that the future of naval warfare lay under the water, and not on the surface, as we have always believed. He was right. But he did not go as far as he might have gone. The whole future of shipping lies as much under water as on the surface. I tell you, gentlemen, that this boat here will afford untold blessings to humanity. To an island country it affords—existence. Think. This country, Britain, is not self-supporting. Is it not so? It could not keep its people alive for more than months. It depends upon supplies from all ends of the earth. All roads upon the high seas lead to Britain. And every helpless surface vessel carrying life to the island people at home is a target for the long-distance submarine. If an enemy possesses a great fleet of submarines he does not need to declare a war area about these shores. Every high sea is a war area where he can ply his wanton trade. With the submarine as perfect as it is to-day, Britain, great as she is in naval armaments, can never face another war successfully. That thought is in the mind of all men already."

The man paused deliberately. Then with a curious foreign gesture of the hands he went on.

"But there is already established an axiom. Submarine cannot fight submarine—under the surface."

He shrugged. "It is so simple. How can an enemy attack my submersible? The moment a submarine appears, the submersible submerges and the enemy is helpless. An aerial warship will become a spectacle for the amused curiosity of the ocean traveller. In peace time storms will have small enough terror, and on the calm summer seas we shall speed along at ever-increasing mileage. I tell you, gentlemen, the days of wholly surface boats are gone. The days of clumsy blockades are over, just as are the starvation purposes of contraband of war. With the submersible how is it possible to prevent imports to a country which possesses a seaboard? That is the proposition I put to the world in support of my submersible."

"And what is the commercial aspect of the matter—between us?" Ruxton inquired in his most business-like tone.

Mr Smith looked up in a startled way from the deep reverie into which his own words had plunged him.

"Commercial?" he echoed a little helplessly.

"Yes." Ruxton smiled. "The—price."

"If it serves to save innocent lives in the future, sir, it has done all that I ask of it," he said at last. "Its value to me then could never be reckoned in millions. There would not be enough cyphers in the mind of man to express that value."

To Ruxton the riddle of this man was growing in obscurity. For all his understanding, Mr Smith's attitude demanded explanation, which as yet he was unable to give it.

But something in the nature of solution to the riddle was nearer than he had supposed. It came in the man's words which were added in further reply to his father.

"I have no fear but my invention will do these things," he said with strong conviction. "But," he added almost sombrely, "I have other fears."

"Others?"

The commercial mind of Sir Andrew was sharply suspicious.

"Yes."

Again came that troubled movement of the hand across the forehead. The man hesitated in a painful, embarrassed way. Then, with a perfectly hopeless gesture, he blurted out something of that which Ruxton had been waiting for.

"Yes, yes," he cried, his eyes full of a passionate light. "I have fears, other fears. Nor are they idle. Nor are they to be belittled. I came here in secret. No one but my two confidential men, who brought this model, know of my coming. No one knows my whereabouts at all, but you, and those two men whom I can trust—even with my life. Fears. My God, if you only knew. I tell you there are people in the world, if they knew of my visit to you, if they saw that model lying on your table, who would not rest until my life was forfeited, and the utility of my invention to this country was destroyed forever."

The man stood up. His great height was drawn up to its uttermost. He was breathing hard, but the light in his eyes was not of the fear of which he spoke. They were burning with a strained defiance of that threat he knew to be hanging over him.

The others rose from their chairs simultaneously. Both were startled. But Sir Andrew far more than his son. Startlingly as the revelation had come, to Ruxton it was revelation. And now it was he who took the initiative. He leant across the table.

"I think I understand something that has been puzzling me all the evening, Mr—Smith," he said. "And now that I understand it I am satisfied. You have come to us to-day at great danger to yourself. You are risking everything in the world that we shall have the benefit of your invention. The last thought in your mind is the commercial aspect of this affair. Your real object in coming is your secret for the present. I might even hazard a guess at it. But it is your secret, and one we have no desire to probe. You desire a pledge from us. That is obvious. And for myself I give it freely. Your secret is safe with me—safe as the grave. I shall avail myself of your offer of a trip in your submersible, and, if you will permit me, I shall make my own time for it in the near future. Will you allow me that privilege?"

The inventor impulsively held out his hand, and his relief was obvious and intense. It was almost as if he had feared the result of his revelation.

"Your wishes are entirely mine," he said as Ruxton wrung his hand. "It was this necessity for secrecy which has troubled me. I did not think you would accept it. And—I feared the shattering of all my hopes." He turned to Sir Andrew, who stood watching the scene wonderingly.

"And you, sir?" he asked, with extended hand. "Have I your word?"

"Absolutely, sir."

The bluff tone and the grip of the Yorkshire hand had its prompt effect.

"I need no more."

The man proceeded to close up his model.

"And for communicating with you?" demanded Ruxton.

Mr Smith looked up.

"The same address. Veevee, London. It will always find me."

"Thank you"

Two hours later Ruxton and his father were alone in the library. The inventor had gone, and his precious model had been carefully removed by the two men who had conveyed it to Dorby Towers. For those two hours Sir Andrew and his son had thrashed threadbare the situation created by the stranger's coming. And, incredible as it seemed, in the minds of both men was a steady conviction that the work of that evening was to mark an epoch in the history of their country.

The possibilities were of a staggering nature. Neither could probe the future under this new aspect. If this new principle of ocean traffic were to—— But it was "if." If the man were honest. If the invention were right. If—if, and again—if. That was it. And so they had talked it out.

Now it was time to seek that rest which Ruxton sorely needed. His had been a strenuous day, and he knew he must return to town to-morrow. He rose and stretched himself.

"Well, dad, it's bed for me," he said in the midst of a yawn.

His father looked up from his final cigar, which was poised in his hand.

"Yes, you must be tired, boy. There's one thing, though, about that man that's occurred to me," he added, his mind still dwelling on the subject of their long discussion. "Did you notice his speech? He didn't sound to me English, and yet there—was no real accent."

Ruxton laughed.

"I wondered if that had escaped you." Then his eyes grew serious. "No, he isn't an Englishman. He isn't even Dutch. That I am sure of. But his nationality—no, I cannot say."

"No, it's a difficult matter with these foreigners."

"Yes. But if I can't locate his nationality I am certain of a very important fact."

"And that is?"

"He belongs to—Germany."

Another long instalment will appear next week. Don't miss it!

MR LYNDON AT LIBERTY.

A Little Family Party.

JOYCE nodded and disappeared into the flat, while I strolled back to the taxi.

It was evident from a movement among the spectators that George was making his way towards the steps. Some of them who had come running up kept turning round and casting curious glances at us, but so far no one had attempted to interfere. It was not until Joyce was just coming out of the flats that a man detached himself from the crowd and started across the road. He was a big, fat, greasy person in a bowler hat.

"Here," he said. "You wait a bit What d'ye mean by throwing that pore man in the river?"

I opened the door of the taxi, and Joyce jumped in.

"What's it got to do with you, darling?" asked Tommy affably.

"What's it got to do with me?" he repeated indignantly. "Why, it's just the mercy o' Gawd——"

"Come on, Tommy," I said.

Tommy took a step forward, but the man clutched him by the arm.

"No, yer don't," he said, "not till. . . Ow!"

With a sudden, vigorous shove Tommy sent him staggering back across the pavement, and the next moment we had both jumped into the taxi and banged the door.

"Right away," I called out.

I think there was some momentary doubt amongst the other spectators whether they oughtn't to interfere, but before they could make up their minds our sympathetic driver had thrust in his clutch and we were spinning away down the Embankment.

Joyce, who was sitting next to me, slipped her hand into mine.

"I love to see you both laughing," she said, "but I SHOULD like to know what's happened! At present I feel as if I was acting in a cinematograph play."

We told her—told her in quick, eager sentences of how the danger and mystery that had hung over us for so long had at last been scattered and destroyed. It was a broken, inadequate sort of narrative, jerked out as we bumped over crossings and pulled by behind 'buses, but I fancy, from the light in her eyes and the pressure of her hand, that Joyce was quite contented.

"It's—it's like waking up after some horrible dream," she said, "and suddenly finding that everything's all right. Oh, I knew it would be in the end—I knew it the whole time—but I never dreamed it would happen all at once like this."

"Neither did George," chuckled Tommy. "How long had he been with you, Joyce?"

"About twenty minutes," she said. "He came straight to me from Harrod's, where he's spent most of the day buying stores for his yacht. He had quite made up his mind I was coming with him. I don't believe he's got the faintest idea about what's happened this morning."

"He will have soon," I said. "That's why I threw him in the river. He's bound to go back to the house for a change of clothes, and he'll find the police waiting for him there."

"That'll be just right," observed Tommy complacently. "There's nothing so good as a little excitement to stop one from catching cold."

"Except lunch," I added as the taxi rounded the corner of Piccadilly and drew up outside the Café Royal.

What the manager of that renowned restaurant must have thought of us I find it rather difficult to guess. It is not often, I should imagine, that two untidy, mud-stained men and a beautiful girl turn up at four o'clock in the afternoon and demand the best meal that London can provide.

Fortunately, however, he proved to be a gentleman of philosophy and resource. He accepted our request with perfect composure, and by the time we had succeeded in making ourselves passably respectable he presented us with a menu that deserved to be set to music.

Heavens, what a lunch that was! We ate it all by ourselves in the big, empty restaurant, with half a dozen fascinated waiters eyeing us from the end of the room. They were probably speculating as to whether we were eccentric millionaires or whether we had just escaped from some private lunatic asylum, but we were all far too cheerful to care what they thought. We ate, we drank, we laughed, we talked with a reckless, jubilant happiness that would have survived the scrutiny of all the waiters in London.

"I know what we'll do, Joyce," I said, when at last the dessert was cleared away and we were sitting in a delicate haze of cigar smoke. "As soon as things are fixed up I'll buy a good second-hand 30-ton boat, and you and I and Tommy will go off for a six months' cruise. We'll take Mr Gow as skipper, and your little page-boy as steward, and we'll run down to the Mediterranean and stop there till people are tired of gassing about us."

"That will be beautiful," said Joyce simply.

"I'll come," exclaimed Tommy, "unless the Secret Service refuse to give me up." Then he stopped and looked mischievously across at Joyce and me. "It's a pity we can't ask Sonia too," he added.

"Poor Sonia," said Joyce. "I'm so glad you got her off."

"Are you really?" asked Tommy. "That shows I know nothing about women. I always thought that if two girls loved the same man they hated each other like poison."

Joyce nodded. "So they do as a rule."

"Well, Sonia loved Neil all right; you can take my word for it."

Joyce laughed softly. "Yes, Tommy, dear," she said, "but then, you see, Neil didn't love HER—and that just makes all the difference."

Now turn to page 7 and read the opening chapters of Ridgwell Cullum's remarkable story, "The Secret Submarine."

TO SHORT STORY WRITERS.

We want FRESH, ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES between 3000 and 3500 Words in Length, suitable for Popular Weeklies. Every effort will be made to give prompt decision. Address—STORY EDITOR, Messrs D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., Albert Square, Dundee.

PERSONAL GOSSIP FROM THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS

I hear that the new musical comedy, "The Maid of the Mountains," makes its first appearance in Scotland at the Glasgow King's after the run of "The Bing Boys are Here." I hear also that a couple of old time favourites in May Beatty and Tom Vale are in the cast.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

The Glasgow Theatre Royal pantomime starts on its last week to-morrow night. "Sinbad" has been one of the most popular pantomimes of recent years. Many people have seen Little Tich for the first time, and he is certain of a warm welcome when he comes to Glasgow again.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

I expect Tom D. Newell to go far up in the theatrical world yet. He has run Tich very hard for premier honours in the Glasgow Royal pantomime, and his burlesque dancers number is one of the most talked of items in the panto.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Following the panto. comes a week of drama, and then Carl Rosa Opera Company will establish itself at the Glasgow Royal for a short season. The Carl Rosa will, of course, be under new management, but I hear a very strong cast of old and new members will be at the Hope Street house.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

At the King's Theatre, where "Oh! Caesar!" finishes a fortnight's run, "The Bing Boys are Here" starts a fortnight's engagement. This is the show which took London by storm recently. We are not having George Robey with this company, but George Oxley can be relied on to slip across all the fun. Oxley, by the way, is not unlike "G. R."

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

There are only two comedians of the Alfred Lester type, and George Hestor is the other one. As a lachrymose individual George is very funny, and as we cannot have Alf. we are getting the next best in George Hestor, who with Gus Oxley, forms "The Bing Boys."

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Dainty Winnie Collins, who made one of her first successes as principal girl in the panto at the King's, Edinburgh, is one of the principal artistes in "Nights of Gladness," a revue by Harry Burns, which takes the place of the pantomime next week. Miss Maude Esmond is also in the cast, as is Uby Rowlands, Tom Kelso, and Tom Shenton.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Amongst the artistes appearing in Lola Charm's panto., "The Babes in the Wood," at the Alhambra, Leith, is Little Tina Locke. She is a sister of the well-known dancer and comedienne, Mary Locke, who made such a success in London, and is now touring the provinces. They are of a well-known Edinburgh family. Little Tina promises to be as big a favourite as her sister, she having been before the public since she was five years old. Her Scotch dancing and sweet ways captivate the heart of her audiences.

No more distinguished character actor is to be seen in the movies than Frank Keenan, whom I remember seeing last in "The Coward." Frank is the star of "The Despoilers," which is to signalise the re-opening of the picture season at the Victoria Theatre, Dundee.

(1 and 2) Florrie Forde, principal boy, and Derrit Maclaren, principal girl, in "Robinson Crusoe," at the King's Theatre, Dundee; (3) Joan Hay in "The Bing Boys are Here," at the King's Theatre, Glasgow; (4) Margaret Kay ("England's Deepest Contralto"), at the Edinburgh Empire; (5) Dorothy Frostick in "Hot and Cold," at the Glasgow Empire; (6) Gus Oxley, taking the George Robey part in "The Bing Boys are Here," at the King's, Glasgow; (7) Zella Vondi at the Glasgow Pavilion.

I notice another favourite in the cast of "Hot and Cold," Miss Ethel Oliver. Miss Oliver, apart from her successes in musical comedy and revue, must be familiar to most of the British public. For five years she had a contract with the Dover Street studios as a sitter for artistic photographs, and there are few who have not seen her picture in some form or other.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Miss Joan Hay, who is the principal lady in "The Bing Boys," started her musical comedy career with Mr Robert Courtneidge in "Oh! Oh! Delphine" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London. The last time she was in Glasgow was, I think, in a revue at the Empire, and since then she has been for quite a long time in London. One of her greatest song successes is "Sympathy," and I hope she puts it on in "The Bing Boys."

Someone seems to have left the tap running, for "Hot and Cold" pays its third or fourth visit to Glasgow, this time to the Empire. But this revue is one of the music hall tit-bits we can see very much oftener than once. A. W. Bascomb is still in the leading part. I wonder how many times he has asked, "Are you any good at Limericks?"

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

Reg Bolton, the chief comedian in Florrie Forde's pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," made a big hit in a sketch, "Inky, the Printer's Devil." He is a very original comedian, and it is interesting to note that most of his songs are written by his wife, Dorothy Belmore, who has been doing great work as principal boy in the pantomime at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. If I remember rightly, Reg and Dorothy appeared together in a clever little sketch some time ago, after "Inky."

WHAT FLORRIE FORDE IS SINGING.

Florrie Forde is having a very fine run with the panto., "Robinson Crusoe," which comes from Glasgow to the King's, Dundee. Florrie always has something good in the way of songs. In this show she is making a great hit with "It's a long, long way to my home in Kentucky"—I hear that is her best—but she also renders with great effect "Blighty" and "The Pierrot Parade." Florrie Forde's pantomimes have usually had Gilbert Payne as chief funmaker, but this time we see Reg Bolton. He is a comedian of the "quiet" order, and he "puts it over" (as they say in the theatrical world) nice and slick, getting many laughs.

⊛⊛⊛⊛⊛

BRILLIANT FUTURE FORESHADOWED.

Mr Eugene Goosens, jun., who as one of the conductors is coming to Edinburgh with the Carl Rosa Opera Company for its month's opera season at the Kings, belongs to a family in which opera has been a tradition for generations. A nephew of Mr T. Ainsley Cook, the genial manager at the Empire, this youthful musician's father and mother were not only members of the Carl Rosa Company—his father is the well-known conductor—but his grandfather was one of the best-known operatic artistes in his day, and one of the mainstays of the Carl Rosa Opera Company when the great impresario was himself at its head. Eugene, however, promises to be even more famous than any of his predecessors. Although only a youth, he has already given us chamber music that is being performed in the most exclusive programmes, and accepted by the critics as the work of a real master, and great things in the development of British music are confidently anticipated from him.

The Latest from Ruhleben—How the British Keep Cheery.

Exclusive for "The Post Sunday Special."

THE good humour of British prisoners at Ruhleben has done a great deal towards lifting the veil of depression created by life in Germany's great civilian internment camp.

There's nothing like a good laugh for raising your spirits! And British prisoners, bearing in mind that long, dreary days in barracks, under the eye and heel of the Hun, must necessarily react in no happy way upon the majority of folk, have banded together, strengthening social ties by the introduction of good, homely fun, music, and sports—always, of course, subject to the watchfulness of the Kaiser's guards.

A good job they have made of it too. For instance, it is quite a treat to peruse the pages of the latest issue of the Ruhleben Camp Magazine, which has just come to our hands. It has a frontispiece after the style of Punch—giving it a true British touch. You catch the idea of the whole thing when you read at one side of the cover—"Published occasionally—Price subject to fluctuation," and at the other side "Foreign and inland post not yet arranged. Agents all in barracks."

A Costly "Extra."

The publishers have evidently surmounted their printing difficulties, though they will have had to pay pretty stiffly (as prisoners can and have to do for "extras" at Ruhleben), as is instanced by the price of the magazine, amounting to about 1s per copy. To begin with, some of the "By the Way" notes are worthy of quotation. Here are a few:—

ONE touch of naturalisation makes the whole world kin.

WHERE one man serves too many stand and wait.

TRAVEL in haste—repent in lager (camp).

LATEST sensation for prisoners of war—The Jamieson Raid on parcels.

At Ruhleben there are many seafaring men interned—large numbers were detained at German ports when war broke out, and the magazine has some special nautical notes, in which appears the following:—

The Jolly Tar Ashore.

Another year has passed, and we are still interned. Sometimes one feels that the word interred might be justifiable. . . . During the last few months we have had the doubtful pleasure of welcoming several of our members to Ruhleben who had been caught on the high seas. . . . During our internment here we seafarers (or, to put it more correctly, we prisoners who have a dim and hazy recollection, which is getting more hazy every day, that we once upon a time were seafarers) have heard a lot from shore people about the general drawbacks of a seafaring life; but whether a seaman can sing with the policeman in the "Pirates of Penzance," that a sailor's life is not a happy one is still a matter of opinion, but at anyrate it is a varied one.

At a recent meeting of the local Talking Society there was a discussion concerning the merits and demerits of life ashore as compared with life afloat. We who go down to the sea in ships have now had two years of life ashore, and as a sample we don't like it, and I think we would vote unanimously for life afloat, as being infinitely preferable. . . . .

Light Opera in Ruhleben.

Nearly a dozen pages of the magazine are devoted to the reproduction of the script of a parody on the "Mikado." This is very cleverly and humorously conceived, as the following will indicate:—

Produced with great labour in a cubby-hole, and appearing now for the first (and last) time in print.

TIME—THE IMPERFECT PRESENT.

Public performances permitted, but not recommended. Lyrics may be used (at singer's risk) at penny readings, bun worries, on wet Sundays, and on all occasions when nothing better offers. Encores allowed, but not expected.

Ceaseless Rumours.

It goes without saying that Ruhleben experiences the presence of the "lying jade," and the following verses hit off this question to a nicety:—

Hoo—
The rumours I hear in the spring, tra-la,
Inspire me with rapture and glee;
I merrily dance and I sing, tra-la!
Such vast consolation they bring, tra-la!
I almost imagine I'm free.
All dismal foreboding far from me I fling,
Induced by the rumours that bloom in the spring.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la, &c.

Nho—
The rumours that bloom in the spring, tra-la!
Appear to me very insane.
In spite of the hope that they bring, tra-la!
I've heard them again and again, tra-la!
Until I am nearly insane.
And that's what I mean when I say that a thing
Is lacking in truth like the rumours of spring;
A fig for all rumours, they're nothing but stumers
That always appear in the spring.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la, &c.

Nho—Not bad, eh?

Cranki—I like the song well enough, but your part of it is somewhat depressing. Couldn't you alter the words a little?

Nho—Certainly not! I make a practice of depressing all foolishly cheerful persons whenever I get an opportunity. I regard it as a duty.

Tut—Then the sooner you go off duty the better!

Make—My sentiments entirely. (Exit Nho indignantly.)

Many good laughs are to be had on perusing the page devoted to Answers to Correspondents (medical, legal, social, financial, matrimonial, &c.). Here are some of the gems:—

Pedestrian asks if golf is a sport or a disease?—It is a religion!

A Whag writes asking if we could make a joke about the Ruhleben boxers being descended from the ancient Hittites?—No we couldn't.

Scorned Beef.—There is nothing to be scornful about. The stringy parts are useful anyway.

George Washington writes:—"I have never been so happy in my life as I am now."—Are you quite sure your name is George Washington?

Adonis wants to know "if we would like him drawn"?—We should like you not only drawn but quartered.

Cheerful Speculations.

Naturally at Ruhleben there is considerable speculation as to "when the end will come," and the general feeling is well indicated in the appended jocular lines which appear in the magazine:—

THE RIDDLE SOLVED.

The proprietor of "Old Moore's" favours us with the following exclusive information:—

Absolute certainty have I none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a housemaid (in Downing Street)
That he had a brother who had a friend
Who knew the date when the war will end.

There are various references in the magazine to the theatrical and musical programmes arranged, and furthermore a short revue by Fred B. Pentland concerning the football.

A sketch to hit off the "woes" of the "nautical" prisoners.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
HARRY M'KELVIE'S FUNNY PANTOMIME of an Entirely New Version of the Nursery Story,
"MOTHER HUBBARD,"
Written and produced by Mr Rich Waldon, Royal Princess's Theatre, Glasgow. The Cast includes:—Mr GEORGE ALI (Buster), the Famous Dog Impersonator, from Drury Lane Theatre, London.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m
'Phones—South 230, Central 1501.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
FRED KARNO'S BEST REVUE,
"HOT AND COLD."
Cast includes—
A. W. BASKCOMB,
DOROTHY FROSTICK, IRELAND CUTTER, ETHEL OLIVER, &c., &c.,
And a Bevy of Allied Beauties.
Special Variety Programme.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MONDAY, 5th February, and DURING ENTIRE WEEK.
THE BATTLE OF THE ANCRE
And
"THE ADVANCE OF THE TANKS,"
LATEST OFFICIAL WAR FILM.
ALSO SHOWING:—
MONDAY—
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in
"BUSY AS CAN BE."
THURSDAY—
"ULTUS AND THE SECRET OF THE NIGHT."

THE NEW SAVOY
PICTURE HOUSE.
MONDAY, 5th Feb., and During Entire Week.
"THE TANKS."
OFFICIAL WAR OFFICE FILM.
SUPPORTED BY GOOD GENERAL PROGRAMME.

THEATRE ROYAL,
GLASGOW.
MONDAY, 5th Feb.—Last Six Nights, at 7, and TWO MATINEES, WED. and SAT., at 2.
SINBAD THE SAILOR,
POWERFUL CAST, including
LITTLE TICH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
MONDAY, at 7.15.
MATINEES, WED. and SAT., at 2.15.
D. W. GRIFFITH'S MIGHTY SPECTACLE,
"THE BIRTH OF A NATION."
Box Office Open. 'Phone 1919.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—At 6.45 and 9.
MONDAY, February 5th, 1917.
FLORRIE FORDE
IN HER ANNUAL PANTOMIME,
"ROBINSON CRUSOE."
FLORRIE FORDE as "Crusoe."
REG. BOLTON as "Billy Crusoe."
FYNE & HURLEY.
Star Company and London Chorus.
10 Magnificent Scenes.
Costly Costumes. Dainty Dances.
A House-Filling Attraction.
Booking at Once is Advisable.
Box Office, 11 to 4. 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA.
'PHONE 384 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, FEB. 5th,
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY—
MARY PICKFORD
IN
"HULDA FROM HOLLAND"
(Famous Player Production).
FOR THE WHOLE WEEK
The Very Latest Mutual Chaplin Comedy,
CHARLES CHAPLIN
IN
"THE PAWNSHOP."
THURSDAY, FEB. 8th,
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY—
MARGUERITE CLARK
IN
"SILKS AND SATINS."
MYSTIC ORIENT SERIES—
MONDAY—JAPAN, Part 4.
THURSDAY—CHINA, Part 4.
NOTE.—MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, THE WHOLE WEEK—at 11.15, 12.45, 2.30, 4.0, 5.40, 7.15, and 8.45—
"THE TANKS IN ACTION"
OFFICIAL FILM OF THE BATTLE OF THE ANCRE.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 6-10.30.
MON. TUES., and WED.
MARY PICKFORD in
"POOR LITTLE PEPPINA."
Showing All Week—
CHARLES CHAPLIN
in "POLICE."
THURS., FRI., and SAT.
"THE GILDED SPIDER."
NOTE.—We have been fortunate in securing the GREAT "TANKS" FILM for ONE WEEK, commencing Feb. 19th. During the Whole Week Performance will Commence at 11 a.m. Seats may be Booked Now for this Stupendous Attraction.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE.
DUNDEE.
7—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
Seats Booked at Theatre from 10-1 and 6.30-10.
'Phone 2758.
THIS WEEK—
VICTORIA MONKS.
Supported by
FIRST-CLASS VARIETY CO.

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—7 to 10.30.
SATURDAY, 7 and 9.
REOPENING OF PICTURE SEASON.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.
THE DESPOILERS.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.
THE CONSUMING FLAME.
Also NEW COMEDY and TOPICAL FILMS.
Prices from 2½d to 1s 6d.

ELECTRIC THEATRE,
NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Manager ..... T. PENNYCOOK.
CONTINUOUS—2.30 to 10.30.
SHOWING MON., TUES., and WED., 5th, 6th, and 7th Feb.,
For the First Time in Dundee,
"SINS OF THE PARENTS."
Heart-Touching Story, in 5 Reels.
SHOWING, THURS., FRI. and SAT., 8th, 9th, and 10th Feb.
"SHOULD A WOMAN DIVORCE?"
A Film Every Woman should Witness, In 5 Powerful Reels.
If you Miss Seeing this Picture You are Missing a Treat.
SHOWING, MONDAY, Feb. 19th, for 3 Days Only—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," featuring "Matheson Lang" as "Shylock."

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

GERMANY'S CHALLENGE TO THE STATES GIVES ADDED STIMULUS TO WAR LOAN.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

EVENTS are moving much more quickly, and it would look as if Germany had now ventured upon her last desperate chance by throwing down the gauge to the United States in connection with the sharpening of the submarine warfare. That America can now keep out of the war hardly seems possible, and the effects thereof are likely to be far-reaching indeed.

Wall Street has already had a preliminary taste, in the shape of a sharp slump, while there is now the possibility of a wholesale calling in of loans there. The effect upon London, however, is not likely to be more than academic, but upon the whole the same should give a still further stimulus to subscriptions to the War Loan, which, according to all accounts, has now fairly got into its stride, and promises to score a record success.

WAR LOAN EFFECT UPON MARKETS —HOME RAIL BARGAINS.

It is inevitable, however, that the buying of War Loan should result in realisations in other securities, more especially in those descriptions which are more readily marketable. A good many people who have been trying to convert stocks into cash have, however, had a disagreeable surprise.

There are many groups of securities in which but a limited market exists at the best of times, such as Home Corporation stocks and Home Railway Prior Charges, and people who want to realise now find that they can only do so at concessions of from 2 to 5 points upon last quoted prices.

A market which has suffered substantially from War Loan realisations has been that for Home Rails, with the result that quotations are now at an unduly low level, and the favourable character of the dividend announcements has practically gone for nought.

For instance, the Midland Deferred dividend has just been made up to 4 per cent. for 1916—the same as for 1915—yet this stock, one of the highest class Home Rails, can still be purchased at about 57¼, so that, after allowing for accrued dividend, the present yield amounts to something like 7¼ per cent. per annum. Even higher returns are offering in other directions, and this should, therefore, be one of the first markets to respond to the general levelling up of quotations that should follow the closing of the War Loan subscription lists on the 16th inst.

RUBBERS AND THE SUBMARINE MENACE.

A market which has suffered to some extent from the sharpening of the German submarine campaign is that for Rubber shares, but this influence should last only as long as it takes the new naval measures for dealing effectively with the menace to come into operation. In other respects, the outlook continues distinctly favourable, and the latest statistics show that while the world's production of rubber, chiefly plantation, took a leap from 146,000 tons in 1915, to 202,000 tons in 1916, consumption has practically kept pace therewith, and the stocks available here are not unduly excessive.

The average price of Plantation rubber for 1916 was 2s 10¼d, as compared with 2s 6d for 1915, and 2s 3½d for 1914, so that the majority of the Companies must have done remarkably well during the past year. Light will be shed upon the profits earned during 1916 by the batch of important Directors' reports due in the near future, and the same should usher in a period of renewed activity in the Share market, after, of course, the closing of the War Loan lists.

In the meantime, several Companies are declaring and paying dividends earlier, in order to give their shareholders a chance to apply for War Loan. Thus, the Johore Rubber Lands has declared a first interim dividend of 5 per cent. actual on account of 1916, while the Mincing Lane Tea and Rubber Share Brokers' Association are now urging all their members to follow this commendable example. It is, more especially, applicable to those Companies which have sold forward a considerable proportion of their output, and can thus judge to some extent the financial results of the year.

OILS WAITING ON EVENTS.

The Oil market has contented itself with waiting on events, but some significance undoubtedly attaches to the persistent buying on Petrograd account of all Russian stocks, including Russian Generals and other Oil shares. The fact must not be overlooked that, while the exchange is very much against them, most of the Russian Oil Companies are able to accumulate considerable cash balances in Russia, and that they are earning increased profits, in spite of the difficulties arising out of the war conditions.

It is a question, of course, of shareholders containing their souls in patience until after the war, when they should reap a substantial reward.

There have been very few features in other directions, apart from a certain amount of selling of Shell Transports, Burmahs, &c., for the purpose of applying for War Loan. As regards the cheaper descriptions, our old favourites, Kern Rivers, have come to the front again, at 8s 4½d, on the new and advantageous contract which has been fixed up by the Company, so that in time the shares should reach at least their par value, viz., 10s.

KAFFIRS STEADIER—MODDER "B" STRONG.

The tone of Kaffir shares was steadier than a week ago, and prices rallied in several instances, notably in Randfontein, Modder "B," and Oceana Development. With regard to the latter, the passing of the resolution at the confirmatory meeting caused a rise of 9d. Modder "B" were very strong, and Modder Deep were also firmer on further cables giving excellent assays, which come on the top of favourable news regarding a big increase in the Ore Reserves, and a better January return.

RHODESIANS IRREGULAR.

Amongst Rhodesians a further rise in Lonely Reefs to 28s 6d was the chief feature, while Chartered Shares also advanced, other movements being irregular. Diamond shares, after being firm, relapsed, especially De Beers Deferred and Premier Deferred.

SILVER STEADY—SILVER MINES IRREGULAR.

Silver, after declining to 37s 5-16d for bars, remained firm, and amongst Silver Mines, Canadian Mining, after rising to 16s, relapsed to 15s 4½d, while Burma Corporation were steady. Amongst Barriers, Broken Hill Props had a severe fall on the passing of the dividend. Westralians were very quiet, but Russian Mines improved, Petrograd being a buyer. The firmest shares were Russo-Asiatics, Russian Mining, and Kyshtim. Eastern Pioneer were a feature up to 6s 6d.

COPPER FIRMER—TIN STRONG.

A moderate recovery has occurred in the official quotation of Standard Copper to £134 5s for cash, but Copper Mines were little in evidence, apart from Utah Copper, which experienced a sharp rise. The various Australian Copper Mines were steady.

On the other hand, a very sharp advance has occurred in tin of 9 points for the week to £199 7s 6d for cash, and £200 12s 6d for three months. Thereupon some of the Nigerian Tin shares rallied, especially Rayfield and Ropps. Pahang, however, were easier, while Dolcoath were steady.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

The following are the quotations in stocks and shares in which there was a movement:—

BONDS.

War Loan 4½ p.c.	99⅞	India 3½ p.c.	63⅜
Do 3½ p.c.	84 11-16		

HOME RAILWAYS.

Brighton Def	65	Gt Western	88⅜
Caley Def	8⅝	Midland Def	57⅜
Chaham Ordinary	8	North-Western	94 7-16
Gt Central Pref	13 9-16	S.-Western Def	23 3-16
Gt Northern Pref	63¼		

AMERICANS.

New York Central	97¼	Unions	140
Pennsylvania	57		

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILWAYS.

Canadian Pacific	169⅝	Trunk Guaranteed	56
Trunk 3d Pref	25½	Havana	77¾

RUBBER MARKET.

Tandjong	82/6	United Sumatra	8/1½
United Serdang	10/10½	Vallambrosa	18/3

DIAMONDS.

De Beers Con Def	13¾	Premier (Trans) Def	7½
New Jagers Def	4½		

EXPLORATION AND LAND, &c.

Anglo-French	16/-	S.A. Gold Trust	19/3
E. Rand Mining Est	14/-	South-West Africa	12/-
Gen Min & Finance	5/-	Welgedacht	1
Selection Corpora	3 9-16	Witwatersrand T	14/6

DEEP LEVELS.

Modderfontein Deep	7

WAR LOAN POINTS FOR SMALL INVESTORS.

Eleven days left to do your bit for the War Loan.

* * *

After that, of course, you can still obtain the £1 for 15s 6d certificates.

* * *

Remember the Loan cannot be really successful unless shillings are subscribed as well as pounds.

* * *

It is up to every man and woman to bring their savings, however small, to the service of the State.

* * *

A workingman who makes an appeal to his fellows to save and subscribe says that the man who refuses is "a traitor of the worst type."

* * *

Five million workers subscribing 6d a week would raise £6,500,000 in a year.

* * *

Those who are not fighting are now to do what they can by lending.

* * *

This is the moment of moments for the small investor, apart altogether from patriotism.

* * *

Now is the opportunity to have a share in the best and safest investment the world knows.

* * *

Don't hoard your gold! Money in a teacaddy may be stolen, but in the War Loan it is secure.

* * *

Encourage the bairns in the home to save. Combine their contributions and purchase war savings certificates.

* * *

The person of small means can combine with others in the purchase of War Loan stock with complete assurance of security, a high rate of interest, and the knowledge of duty done.

* * *

It is important not to wait till you are asked personally to contribute. Do it now.

* * *

The nearest bank or post office will take all you can afford.

* * *

The Hun is anxiously watching this Loan; he is afraid of the part you are going to play.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE.

The undersea boat upon which the very existence of Britain may in the future depend is the striking theme of the powerful story by Ridgwell Cullum, which begins to-day on Page 7. You will find it full of stirring incidents and thrills. There is also a charming love story. You should turn to Page 7 and read the opening chapters now.

SWEEP THE MARGARINE PREJUDICE ASIDE.

"KATHLEEN'S TIMELY WORD TO HOUSEWIVES."

"Is that butter or margarine?" a friend of mine was asked the other day by her washerwoman as she seated herself at her breakfast table.

"I never eat anything but butter," she continued. "I canna' 'bide that other stuff."

And this is not an isolated instance of the prejudice which still exists in regard to that wholesome butter substitute.

In a friend's house one day lately I heard a gentleman declare that he would rather restrict his household to four to 1 lb. of good honest butter per week than give his children a double or even treble amount of margarine, which was, in his opinion, neither palatable nor nourishing.

A most unreasonable prejudice this, surely, as he had only once tasted margarine! Often such opinions are hastily formed through ignorance, and until lately a certain amount of mystery surrounded the word margarine. Housewives innumerable had been in the habit of using it regularly for baking and cooking, and found it in every respect suitable and economical, yet they had but hazy ideas as to its constituents.

Since the price of butter has become so prohibitive and the need for economy so insistent more interest has been taken in margarine as a substitute for that necessary commodity.

Scientists and food specialists assure us that it is a pure and wholesome article of diet and very rich in nutrient qualities. It is almost twenty-five years since margarine was introduced to this country from Holland as a butter substitute, and a very different article it was from the firm, sweet, nutty-flavoured article with which we are now provided. This production did much to prejudice the British public regarding the use of margarine.

An Unpalatable Compound.

An unpalatable compound it was, of animal fats, inferior butter in small quantities, skim milk, and salt. So little favour did this find with the public that an effort was made to improve upon it.

A Chicago firm produced by hydraulic process an "oleo" from the softer fats of newly-killed animals. This was heated and churned with lard, nut oil, and a small quantity of pure cream. But even this, although superior to the former mixture, was so entirely composed of animal fats that it soon became rancid, with a most objectionable oily taste, and having a soft, greasy appearance of a deep yellow colour.

The nut margarine of the present day is altogether different and superior in every respect, being pure, wholesome, and of very high food value.

It is almost entirely a British product, and this country is rapidly becoming one of the world's largest producers of this valuable article. So closely do the best qualities resemble butter in taste and appearance that, in order to prevent fraud in substituting the lower-priced article for the higher, a law was passed that all margarine must be labelled as such before passing into the hands of a purchaser. This Act in itself was a very good testimonial to the qualities of margarine.

Vegetable oils, nuts, and milk are now almost entirely the materials from which it is manufactured. From first to last every process is executed by machinery—the hand is never brought into contact with the materials.

After the oil is extracted from the nuts it is mixed with skim milk which has been heated to a certain temperature. When thoroughly assimilated the mixture is cooled rapidly at freezing point, when it forms into a solid mass. This is placed under huge rollers to extract the moisture and equalise the texture. It is then pressed into blocks for commercial purposes.

In a Margarine Factory.

The factories are all under strict supervision and inspection. The one in which I was privileged to have a look around was the last word in cleanliness. All the hands wore white overalls, and utensils, machinery, and building were all scrupulously clean.

A regular staff of "cleaners" seemed to be all over the place, scouring, swilling water from hosepipes over shelves and floors, or polishing utensils.

Still, in spite of all this, British people do not readily take to substitutes, and we have so long been accustomed to butter at moderate prices that in most cases it is not from choice but from necessity that margarine is now being placed on our tables.

At the same time, we may congratulate ourselves that such a good and efficient substitute is procurable at moderate rates, and where there is a family to cater for it is an inestimable boon.

AUSTRIANS' HEAVY LOSSES

On the Italian Front.

Rome, Saturday.

The Italian official communique states:—

On the Trentino front there was the usual artillery activity, especially intense in the Sugana Valley. Minor encounters are reported at the Tonale Pass, in the vicinity of Barcarola, in the Astico Valley, on the Marmolada Avisio, in the Tofana district, Boite, and the Valle Inferno Pass, Upper Degano.

The enemy was repulsed everywhere with heavy losses.

On the Julian front, on the night of January 31-February 1, the enemy violently bombarded our positions east of Gorizia, but were promptly silenced by the timely and effective intervention of our batteries. The day was relatively quiet. One of our batteries shelled the southern slopes of Mount Hermada, causing an explosion, followed by an outbreak of fire.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY POLLING.

Dublin, Saturday Night.

The result of to-day's polling in Dublin was as follows:—

Woods, 264; Samuels, 231.

The total poll up to the present stands—Samuel, 1357; Woods, 562.

Your Youngster Days!

"Every Picture tells a Story."

DO your remember your youngster days? How you could keep going all day long, and what an appetite you had! How you hated to go to bed at night! How soundly you slept! Why not now?

Is it because you're older, now, that a meal isn't a treat; that you feel tired all the time, and nervous?

No. The best athletes are grown men, stronger far than they were as lads.

It's because your habits have changed. As a youngster you ran and exercised all day. Take some exercise now, if it's only walking. Maybe you overwork, eat too much meat, get too little sleep, use alcohol unnecessarily.

Careless habits let uric acid into the blood, weaken the kidneys, and cause backache, rheumatism, urinary disorders, and a dull, drowsy state.

Wake the kidneys. Use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Go in for simple living for a while. It will do you good, and will lessen your need of medicine.

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Glasgow Example.

On August 13th, 1915, Mr D. M'Gregor, of 163 Parliamentary Road, Glasgow said:—"Being out in all sorts of weather I think my rheumatism was brought on by exposure. It started in my right foot and then spread all over me. Cruel pains developed in every part of my body, and I was obliged to lay up. My left wrist was greatly swollen. I was so stiff and sore that I could not bear anything to touch me. The only medicine that did me lasting good was Doan's backache kidney pills. These pills cleansed the kidneys and removed the pains and stiffness, and as I persevered with them I gradually regained good health. I am now keeping very well, and I give Doan's pills the highest possible praise.

(Signed) "D. M'Gregor."

On July 25th, 1916—*nearly twelve months later*—Mr M'Gregor said:—"I have had good health, and kept quite free from rheumatism since Doan's pills cured me of it."

Be sure you ask for DOAN'S, and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mr. M'Gregor had.

DOAN'S PILLS

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured by "Liquifruta" the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist's supply is rapidly exhausted. The stocks, however, are daily replenished, so that sufferers unable to obtain at the first attempt should again apply to the Chemist the day following.

LUNG CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH.

Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" for—

—Chronic Asthma even of 20 years' standing	
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis	
—Lung Trouble when Sanatoria and Medical Treatment had failed	
—Bleed Spitting	—Lung Hemorrhage
—Tearing Coughs	—Whooping Cough
—Bronchial Catarrh	—Quinsy
—Pneumonia	—Croup
—Laryngitis	—Nasal Catarrh
—Night Sweats	—Loss of Flesh
—Influenza	—Racking Cough
—Difficult Breathing	—Choking Phlegm
—Sore Throat	—Emphysema

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

Every bottle requires 60 hours for impregnation, and cannot be hurried. Mr Home-Newcombe himself puts the cure in every bottle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

"Liquifruta" never upsets the Stomach, being purely herbal, it is quite harmless to the infant a day old, or to the elderly with weak hearts.

Thousands of letters overflowing with gratitude are received. The following is a sample—it deals with those terrible complaints Bronchitis and Children's Coughs.

Mrs Percy, North Street, Barrow-in-Furness, writes on the 25th Jan.:—"I am a soldier's wife, and my husband is at Salonica. My little boy was taken with Bronchitis, and I thought I would lose him last Friday, as he was just on the verge of death, for his cough was terrible, and he could not breathe. I sent my sister's eldest girl to the Chemist's, and got a 1/3 bottle of Liquifruta. As soon as he had taken the first dose he began to make a wonderful recovery, and before he had taken the rest of the bottle he was nearly well; that is, in about three days. I would not be without Liquifruta for my child if I had to starve myself. My sister's children also had some of it, and it proved what it will do for them also. I wrote the name 'Liquifruta' on a slip of paper, and gave it to the postmistress where I receive my money, and she sent straight away for a bottle.

"I will advise everyone to get 'Liquifruta' for Coughs and Chest and Head complaints, for it is truly worth its weight in gold."

Just what happened to these children who suffered from Bronchitis and terrible Coughs can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet with the infant a day old or with the aged with weak hearts.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is THE Remedy that Never Fails.

It is the Ever Open Door to Health.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s., or direct and post free from Mr Wm. Home-Newcombe, 643 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., for remittance in stamps or postal orders. (Abroad postage extra.)

FREE COUPON

To Mr W. Home-Newcombe,
The Laboratory, 643, Camberwell Grove,
London, S.E.

I enclose 2d in stamps for your book, "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1s, and sent post free.

Enclose this coupon, but write name and full address in ink on separate sheet of paper.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

EVILS AFTER INFLUENZA.

At the present time thousands of people are suffering acutely from the serious troubles that invariably follow an attack of influenza.

Influenza thins the blood, and the anæmia or bloodlessness which follows influenza is very stubborn in resisting treatment. As long as the blood remains thin there will be the danger of a possible relapse, and you will continue to suffer from great weakness, severe melancholy, loss of energy, and sleeplessness.

After influenza the nervous system remains debilitated, and the exhausted nerves have little chance of regaining strength, because the blood is too thin to feed them.

The best way to correct the many after-effects of influenza is to build up and renew your impoverished blood, and there is no better blood builder than Dr Williams' pink pills.

As soon as the revitalized blood courses through your system you are aware of its beneficial influence in several ways. Gradually the colour returns to your pale cheeks, your appetite and digestion improve, and you are really on the road to health.

Begin promptly a course of Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people; you can get them readily, but accept Dr Williams' only, for substitutes are worse than useless.

A FREE HEALTH GUIDE will be sent to you if you address a postcard request to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

IBROX "HELLO GIRLS" ENTERTAIN WOUNDED.

Govan, Saturday.

The girls of the Ibrox Telephone Exchange entertained a party of wounded soldiers from Merryflatts and Bellahouston hospitals in the Govan Y.M.C.A. Institute this afternoon. Mr Howieson, traffic manager of the Glasgow district, presided, and welcomed the boys in the name of the staff of the exchange. After an excellent tea a first-class programme of games, competitions, and music was entered upon and carried through with zest. A hat-trimming competition proved a popular item, the winners being:—1 Corporal Johnstone, 2 Private Tommy Atkins. The winners of the Pea Race were:—1 Sergeant Daly, 2 Miss Johnstone, and a special prize to Private "Tommy Atkins."

At the Ministry of Munitions it is said that nothing has been heard officially of the proposals to prohibit all private removals except under permit.

I CURE SKIN DISEASE.

MY WONDERFUL TREATMENT NEVER FAILS EVEN IN WORST CASES.

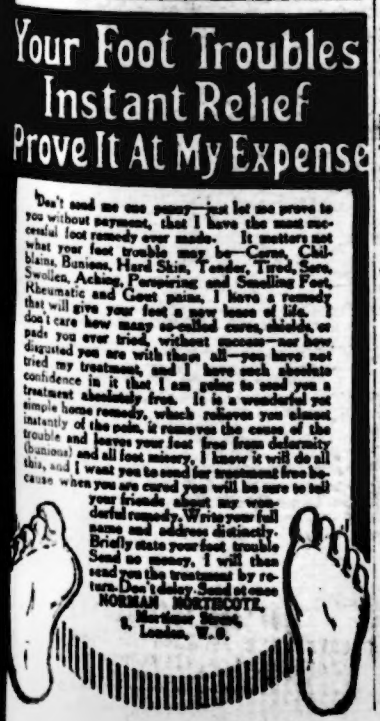
I OFFER YOU A TRIAL SUPPLY FREE.

I know I have found a positive cure for all forms of Skin Ailments because I have tested my remedy in the very worst cases, and it has never failed yet. If you suffer from Eczema, Bad Leg, Psoriasis, or any kind of Skin Disease, let me send you a free supply of my wonderful Treatment. I know it will cure you, and I want you to test it for yourself at my expense. The remedy is harmless, and never fails to benefit quickly.

Now you need not suffer from pain and disfigurement any longer. A trial supply of a proved cure for your complaint is yours for the asking. Write to-day. Enclose two penny stamps for postage and packing, and a complete trial package of this remarkable discovery, which consists of tablets and ointment, will be sent you by return. Address—Mr Arthur Thornton (Dept. S.P.), 4C High Holborn, London, W.C.

This beautiful 9ct. GOLD SHELL RING, engraved with any Regimental or Naval Crest, either Ladies or Gent.'s size, for P.O. 2/5 (guaranteed for 5 years), or Half-Marked Gold Ring, 12s. 6d. It is made by SIMS & MAYER, which is a sufficient guarantee as to its wearing quality. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Shell Jewellery. To get the size, cut a hole in a piece of cardboard, to fit tightly over the knuckle of your finger.—Address—SIMS & MAYER (Dept. 66), 32, Basford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Your Foot Troubles Instant Relief Prove It At My Expense


Don't send me one penny—just let me prove to you without payment, that I have the most successful foot remedy ever made. It matters not what your foot trouble may be—Corns, Chilblains, Bunions, Hard Skin, Tender, Tired, Sore, Swollen, Aching, Perspiring and Smelling Feet, Rheumatic and Gout pains, I have a remedy that will give your feet a new lease of life. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields, or pads you ever tried, without success—nor how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my treatment, and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you a treatment absolutely free. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy, which relieves you almost instantly of the pain, it removes the cause of the trouble and leaves your feet free from deformity (bunions) and all foot misery. I know it will do all this, and I want you to send for treatment free because when you are cured you will be sure to tell your friends about my wonderful remedy. Write your full name and address distinctly. Briefly state your foot trouble. Send no money, I will then send you the treatment by return. Don't delay. Send at once
NORMAN NORTHCOTE,
9, Mortimer Street, London, W.C.

SCOTTISH NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Argyllshire farmers are said to look upon rabbits as the most profitable part of farming.

Over £8000 has been contributed to the War Savings Association formed in Hamilton.

Sir George Bullough of Rhum has given £50,000 to the Government, to be utilised at its discretion.

Colonel Godfrey Collins, M.P. for Greenock, has returned to this country from Mesopotamia.

Mr James Coats, solicitor, Oban, has been appointed J.P. Fiscal for the Mull district of Argyllshire.

Mr W. Dickson, assistant superintendent at Dumfries, has been appointed Postmaster at Cumnock.

Dunoon Boy Scouts have now collected about 1500 volumes of magazines and similar literature for the troops.

Mr Jervis Coats, of W. & A. Coats, Ltd., Paisley, has been elected president of the Scottish Provision Trade Association.

It is suggested that Glasgow shops should close one day per week in order that the assistants give a hand in munition making.

A well-known Fife agriculturist computes that the cost of a man and a pair of horses working the land is one penny per minute.

The gas supplied in Dunoon Burgh is of such poor illuminating power that many of the householders have resorted to paraffin lamps.

Since the Scottish Advisory Committee issued their last report civil distress in Scotland has shrunk to comparatively small dimensions.

Whitevale (Glasgow) Ward Committee held a meeting for the purpose of instituting a fund for the benefit of Private D. R. Lauder, V.C.

Glasgow Tramways Department has now cleared off the capital expenditure of about four million pounds, and has a balance of £119,000 in hand.

Lady Maxwell, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir John Maxwell, has offered the Government £35,000 free of interest for the duration of the war.

The dry weather lately experienced has enabled the gamekeepers in the Gartmore district to start to burn the heather at an unusually early date.

Mr J. R. Hutcheon, governor of Arbroath and St Vigeans Poorhouse, has been appointed by Perth Parish Council as governor of Perth Poorhouse.

A Whiteinch man admitted in Court that although the family of seven lived in a one-roomed apartment over £6 a week was coming into the house.

Some Greenock streets are becoming alarmingly dangerous at nights with hooligans prowling about and demanding money from respectable citizens.

The Directors of the Scottish Bible Society have elected the Rev. James Cæsar, M.A., minister of Gullane, secretary of the Society in place of the late Rev. Mr Core.

Mid-Lanark District Committee of the Congregational Union of Scotland have unanimously nominated Provost Orr, of Airdrie, for the Chair of the Union.

The new Order of the Central Control Board, which places 57 licensed premises in the neighbourhood of Glasgow Docks under closer supervision, is now in force.

There has died at Bridgend House, Perth, the home of John Ruskin as a boy, Mr George Chrystal, a well-known local antiquarian and historian, at the age of eighty-six.

Rev. Andrew Morrison, Murrayfield U.F. Church, Bannockburn, who was to have retired after forty years' service, has agreed to continue as minister till the end of the war.

A good collecting scheme for the feeding of pigs has been started in Aberdeen, and now tons of food scraps are being made available for the fattening of the city's "porkers."

Mrs Lloyd George, wife of the Prime Minister, has consented to open the Highland Feill, which is to be held in Edinburgh on 29th March, in aid of the fund for procuring comforts for Highland regiments.

Mr Battersby, at Glasgow Town Council, repudiated certain statements which had been made against a former Lord Provost. They were "pure allegations," he said, whereupon Mr P. G. Stewart wanted to know what were the allegations.

"When we see ministers of the Gospel riding in trains and tramcars and posting letters on the Lord's Day, what may we expect of the common people?" asked an elder at the Edinburgh Free Church Presbytery.

The pupils at Moffat Academy resolved to "down books" as a protest against the alleged dismissal by the School Board of the rector, Lieutenant R. G. Ritchie, Scottish Rifles, who has been called up for military service.

DOES BRITAIN RULE THE WAVES?

That is the question which Ridgwell Cullum sets himself to answering in his remarkable story, "The Secret Submarine," which begins to-day on Page 7. It is quite the best thing that this clever author has ever done, and on no account should you miss reading the opening chapters.

Don't Wear a Truss!

Brooks' New Scientific Appliance—Adjustable to any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief—Made for Men, Women or Children.

SENT ON TRIAL.

No Risk in Ordering—Money will be refunded if not satisfied.

After thirty years' experience in curing rupture an appliance has been invented which will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip, yet is light, cool, and comfortable. It conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many common trusses. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. We make it to your measure, and send it to you **on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded**, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

"NO SIGN OF RUPTURE NOW."

27 Young Street, Glasgow.

Mr Brooks,

Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure I write you these few lines thanking you for the benefit I have received from your Appliance, as my rupture is entirely gone—no signs of it whatever.

I am very sorry that I did not apply to you sooner, when I think of the pain and suffering I endured for years wearing steel trusses, which only tortured me.

You can make whatever use you please of this, and I will be only too pleased to satisfy the mind of any ruptured person whom you wish to refer me to.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

JAMES QUINN.

From a photograph of Mr C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefitted thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

"I AM ENTIRELY CURED."

12 Union Street, Clydebank.

C. E. Brooks, Esq.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the real worth of your Rupture Appliance. It surpasses, a great deal, in my opinion, even what you yourself claim for it, and that is saying a good deal.

I reckon it a rare combination of simplicity, neatness, and usefulness in its line, so much so that, although I quite believe I am entirely cured, I have no desire to dispense with it, as it causes no inconvenience whatever. I can indulge in any kind of exercise common to men without the slightest fear, which I could not do before I got it.

I am pleased to be able to give this report, and consider it my duty to do so.

Yours faithfully, P. BELL.

We have received thousands of letters like these from grateful patients the world over. This Appliance gives **instant relief**, and effects permanent cures when everything else has failed. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. Fill in the attached coupon and post to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated Book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, and giving the names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. If in London, call at our Consulting Rooms. Experienced attendants for both ladies and gentlemen.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.,
790B, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.,
790B, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.
Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

Please write plainly. .....

HOW A NOTED ARTIST'S MODEL REDUCED HER WEIGHT 36 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS

After Having to Give up her Calling Owing to Excessive Fat, she Discovered a Harmless Drugless Method which Gave Back to Her the Figure that Made Her Famous. OFFERS INTERESTING BOOK FREE WHICH TELLS HOW ANYONE CAN EASILY REDUCE THEMSELVES BY THIS METHOD IN THEIR OWN HOME WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANYONE.

DOUBLE CHIN & FAT HIPS GO QUICKLY.

Over 25,000 Women have Reduced their Weight by her Method.

ISN'T THIS CONVINCING PROOF OF THE VALUE OF HER GREAT DISCOVERY?

You too can reduce yourself even more than this by the same process if you so desire. No drugs! No Starvation Diet! No tiresome exercises.

Miss Winifred Grace Hartland, the famous artist's model, is again the proud possessor of the ideal figure which made her so popular a model with artists and sculptors the world over.

A year ago she had become so fleshy that she was forced to give up posing. Friends persuaded her to try various fat cures, which she did, but without success. At last, when nearly at the point of despair, she took the task of removing her fat upon her own self, and after months of trials and repeated failures she eventually discovered a way that reduced her weight at the rate of a pound per day, without the use of drugs, starvation diet, tiresome exercises, or other outlandish methods which are often tried, but which invariably prove useless.

It is no trouble, no bother; yet it seems to work like magic. It strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, relieves that stuffy feeling, and reduces double chin, large stomach, and fat hips quickly and safely. In fact, the general health is improved right from the start. Many of Miss Hartland's customers look from 10 to 15 years younger since they have taken their treatment.

Her method is so simple and harmless that it is a wonder someone had not thought of applying this means long ago. Several of her friends have tried this process with the same astonishing results, and there seems to be no question but that she has hit upon the only safe and sane way ever discovered for over-stout people for removing their excessive fat.

She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of her enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions, after losing the shapeliness of her figure through superfluous fat.

The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art. The book is written in extremely fascinating style, and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that two 1d stamps be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 127), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Illustrated Book which Explains Her Method Now Offered Free for the First Time. Send for Copy To-Day.

WHEN RUN DOWN

or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at

JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES
70-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.

SKIN CHALLENGE—I, John A. Campbell, Herbalist and Skin Remedy Expert, Springhill Cottage, 898 Polmadie Road, S.P., Glasgow (Estd. 1889), hereby claim that my Domino Brand Ointment (formerly known as Gipsy Ointment) is the best ever discovered, and offer to test it against any other reputed Skin Cure in existence for £100. Guaranteed to cure most hopeless cases of Eczema, Psoriasis, Lupus, Ringworm, Abscesses, Ulcers, Leg-Sores, Pimply Face, Piles, &c. Trifling cases, if neglected, often end in Cancer or Leprosy, alarming present increase. First dressing cures burning pain and intense itching or money back. Jars, 1s 3d, by post 1s 6d; 3 jars (in one), 3s post free. A big saving, usually enough for worst cases. (Letter orders posted by return.)

300 HOURS LIGHT 1½D

Designed to give a safe and cheap light. Just right for new lighting regulations.

EVERLASTING LAMP.

Holds no loose oil, and can be thrown about without danger. The wick is everlasting, never needs renewing. Immediately goes out if knocked over, cannot explode. Price 6d, post 1d; 2 for 6d, post 2d. Stamps accepted (id preferred).

"Buy Post Journal, picture paper of clever household inventions. FREE. Agents Wanted. 1d stamp. Vaughan & Heather, 298 Queen's Rd., Brighton.

Puts 'GO' into you!

Makes life, these gloomy days, worth while! That's 'Camp'! Not 'this,' 'that,' or the 'other,' mark you—'CAMP.' With the flavour, the nuttiness, the economy, the value. Beware of all others. Get

CAMP COFFEE
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd. Coffee Specialists, Glasgow

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU

to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

EXPLOSIVE cigarettes, bombs, itchykoo, sneezing. 50 samples, 2s 6d. Brition, Linwood St., Manchester. 260

THE Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompaniment. Voice part in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post free, 1s 4d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, Perth, N.B.

WALLPAPERS direct from the manufacturers. Newest designs. Lowest prices. Large or small quantities. Samples free. Morris's, Vicar Lane, Leeds. 9893

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Aberdeen,	3	Rangers,	1
Airdrieonians,	3	Clyde,	0
Ayr United,	1	Dundee,	2
Celtic,	5	Raith Rovers,	0
Dumbarton,	4	Hearts,	1
Hamilton Aca.,	3	Kilmarnock,	0
Hibernian,	1	Falkirk,	2
Partick Thistle,	0	Morton,	0
Queen's Park,	0	Motherwell,	0
St Mirren,	2	Third Lanark,	0

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Johnstone,	1	Arthurlie,	1

EASTERN LEAGUE.

Dundee Hibs,	x	Armadale,	x
East Stirlingshire,	2	Broxburn United,	1
Lochgelly United,	3	Dunfermline Athletic,	1
East Fife,	1	Cowdenbeath,	1

WESTERN CUP

Clydebank,	4	Abercorn,	2

INTER-COUNTY LEAGUE.

Renton,	2	Albion Rovers,	2

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Hearts of Beath,	0	Denny Hibs,	2

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP—Replay.

Parkhead,	3	Strathclyde,	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Petershill,	3	Perthshire,	0
Glencairn,	2	Cambuslang Rangers,	0
Benburb,	3	Clydebank Juniors,	0
Vale of Clyde,	0	Ashfield,	2
Rob Roy,	x	Shettleston,	x
Larkhall Thistle,	3	Maryhill,	0
Bellahill Athletic,	3	Pollok,	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Port-Glasgow Jun.,	1	Renfrew Juniors,	1
St Anthony's,	x	Burnbank Athletic,	x
Thornliebank,	1	St Mirren Juniors,	3
Oatlands,	1	Yoker Athletic,	1
Neilston Victoria,	1	Kilsyth Rangers,	0
Croy Celtic,	0	Kilsyth Emmet,	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

Blackburn Rovers,	1	Oldham Athletic,	1
Blackpool,	0	Rochdale,	2
Bury,	1	Manchester United,	0
Everton,	1	Bolton Wanderers,	0
Manchester City,	2	Port Vale,	0
Southport Central,	2	Preston North End,	2
Stockport County,	0	Liverpool,	0
Stoke,	6	Burnley,	0

Midland Section.

Birmingham,	1	Leeds City,	1
Bradford,	1	Sheffield United,	1
Huddersfield,	1	Grimsby Town,	0
Hull City,	0	Barnsley,	1
Lincoln City,	3	Leicester Fosse,	1
Notts Forest,	3	Chesterfield Town,	0
Rotherham County,	0	Notts County,	3
Sheffield Wednesday,	1	Bradford City,	0

London Combination.

Millwall,	2	Portsmouth,	0
Fulham,	2	Chelsea,	0
Watford,	0	Luton,	0
Q.P. Rangers,	2	Brentford,	0
Clapton Orient,	2	Arsenal,	2
Tottenham Hotspur,	3	Southampton,	1
West Ham United,	1	Crystal Palace,	0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	25	17	0	8	49	8	42
Morton,	27	18	4	5	51	28	41
Rangers,	25	17	4	4	48	15	38
Airdrieonians,	27	12	8	7	44	29	31
St Mirren,	26	12	8	6	37	28	30
Third Lanark,	25	11	7	7	30	25	29
Partick Thistle,	25	11	8	6	32	20	28
Kilmarnock,	27	12	11	4	46	33	28
Dumbarton,	26	10	10	6	44	52	26
Falkirk,	27	9	10	8	41	36	26
Clyde,	24	7	6	11	30	33	25
Motherwell,	27	10	12	5	42	46	25
Ayr United,	27	9	13	5	34	40	23
Hearts,	27	10	16	1	30	46	21
Hibernian,	27	6	12	9	40	54	21
Queen's Park,	24	8	12	4	36	48	20
Hamilton Aca.,	26	7	13	6	28	50	20
Aberdeen,	27	6	15	6	27	41	18
Dundee,	26	7	16	3	36	53	17
Raith Rovers,	27	4	17	6	26	66	14

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Stevenston United	17	13	2	2	36	13	28
Clydebank,	14	10	2	2	32	12	22
Vale of Leven,	16	8	5	3	31	19	19
Dumbarton Harp,	14	8	5	1	26	16	17
Abercorn,	15	6	4	5	25	18	17
Johnstone,	18	5	8	5	24	33	15
Renton,	15	2	6	7	17	26	11
Albion Rovers,	16	3	8	5	17	24	11
Arthurlie,	16	3	9	4	16	29	10
*Dykehead,	11	5	6	3	14	22	9
*Wishaw Thistle,	11	3	6	2	11	23	8
*Royal Albert,	11	1	5	5	11	26	7

* Withdrawn from competition.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P	W	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	16	10	2	4	42	18	24
St Bernards,	15	10	4	1	34	14	21
East Fife,	11	7	2	2	18	5	16
Armadale,	13	5	4	4	21	22	14
East Stirlingshire,	12	5	4	3	25	24	13
Dundee Hibs,	15	6	8	1	27	30	13
Dunfermline,	15	6	8	1	19	27	13
Broxburn,	12	3	7	2	11	23	8
Bathgate,	13	3	8	2	18	31	8
Lochgelly United,	12	2	10	0	10	31	4

TIPS FOR NEXT SATURDAY.

Clyde will beat the Hibs at Shawfield, and Dundee will wallop Partick Thistle at Dens Park.

And you can safely back the Hearts to whip Aberdeen at Tynecastle, while Kilmarnock will account for Queen's Park at Kilmarnock.

Raith Rovers will beat Airdrieonians at Stark's Park, and Rangers, at home, will make Ayr United deliver up the brace. St Mirren are good enough for Hamilton at Paisley, and Third Lanark should beat Falkirk at Cathkin.

In the English League look for these happenings in the Lancashire Section:—Bolton Wanderers and Roehdale to draw, Burnley to beat Southport Central, Port Vale to beat Everton, Liverpool to beat Bury, Manchesetr United and Stoke to draw, Oldham Athletic to lose to Manchester City, Preston North End to beat Blackburn Rovers, Stockport County to beat Blackpool.

Midland Section—Barnsley to beat Notts Forest, Bradford City to lose to Bradford, Chesterfield Town and Rotherham to draw, Grimsby Town to beat Lincoln City, Leicester Fosse to beat Sheffield Wednesday, Notts County to beat Huddersfield Town, Sheffield United to beat Birmingham.

London Combination—Brentford to lose to West Ham United, The Arsenal to beat Fulham, Portsmouth and Watford to draw, Southampton to lose to Millwall Athletic, Luton Town to beat Clapton Orient, Crystal Palace to lose to Tottenham, Chelsea to beat Queen's Park Rangers.

PATSY GALLAGHER GETS GREAT RECEPTION FROM THOUSANDS OF ADMIRERS.

ROVERS' COLLAPSE WHEN CELTIC BRING OUT THEIR SHOOTING BOOTS IN SECOND HALF.

RANGERS' RELAPSE—ORROCK CARRIED OFF—BROWN'S BRILLIANT AYR RAIDS—BROWNLIE'S LAPSE AT LOVE STREET.

Patsy Gallagher reappeared in the Celtic team yesterday after six weeks' suspension.

Between 10,000 and 20,000 spectators gave him a rousing reception when he trotted out.

His come-back saw the champions win by the biggest score at Parkhead since Ayr United were beaten 5-0 on December 9.

Gallagher was in fine fettle, was the most prominent man on the Celtic side, and the best forward on the field.

Raith Rovers did not deserve to be defeated by five clear goals. Until the second period was well under weigh they appeared to be as good as the Celts. Indeed, at times they seemed to be better.

Twice in the first half they should have scored. Rougvie ought to have easily netted when Shaw, flinging the ball at his feet, gave the centre what looked like the easiest thing in the world. And Abbott was at fault when he hung on to the ball at close quarters instead of shooting.

The Celtic attack was impotent for a long time. Raith's attack was impotent all the time. In defence the Fifers were strong, except at goal, where Neish, under sustained Celtic pressure, brought off no dazzling saves. He might have prevented at least two of the goals.

From the moment Gallagher opened the Celtic account the Rovers were doomed. They hardly counted more, after putting up a capital fight all the first half and for a portion of the second.

M'Atee followed with a biffing second goal. M'Coll popped on a third and walked in a fourth, while Gallagher gave his side the quintette shortly before the close. It was rather an ignominous end for the Fifers, whose cracking up was a little surprising after their previous powerful defensive work. The Celts seemed to tumble to the goal-getting art when the crowd had begun to think of another goalless draw.

M'Atee and Gallagher made the best wing on the field. M'Coll was fairly good. M'Menemy was not at his best. Browning was the least useful of the line. And the half-backs were a very moderate trio. With a stronger set, the Celtic attack would have been better. Shaw, M'Nair, and Dodds were sound, as usual. For Raith, Winning, Muir, and the half-backs were all right. Forrest was the best half on view. The Fife forwards were poor as a line and individually.

Celtic, 5; Raith Rovers, 0.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, M'Stay, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Browning.

Raith Rovers — Neish; Winning and Muir; Rattray, Forrest, and Currie; Archibald, Lindsay, Rougvie, Abbott, and Gibson.

DOUR DRAW AT FIRHILL.

Partick Thistle and Morton met at Firhill. There was a grand crowd present

The opening play suggested a want of confidence on the hard surface, but within a short time both teams were playing regardless of danger. Seymour was unlucky to meet Durnin in an over-aggressive mood, and the method by which the half tackled was not by any means gentle.

Partick were gradually forced on the defensive, and Ferguson had to clear a few dangerous-looking shots. A run by Partick almost brought joy to the home camp, Leitch sending in a grand shot, which had Bradford beaten, but the upright came in the way. Morton retaliated, and a similar fate met a fine attempt by Parker. M'Nab was a trifle weak in his crossing, but stuck well to the defence, and gave Bulloch no end of trouble.

Parker was none too happy in his attempts at shooting, one splendid opening being sent wildly over. The Leitch-Bowie wing was unusually quiet, so well was the visitors' defence playing, the veteran, Morrison, and the fleeter Ormond seldom allowing Bradford to be troubled. The home forwards were getting plenty of encouragement from their supporters, but failing that from their halves they were at a standstill. It was Morton's half, and on play they should have crossed over on the lead. Half-time:—Partick, 0; Morton, 0.

The second half was a much brighter affair. Partick went out with an abandon which was lacking in their first-half display. It was Morton's turn to act on the defensive, and it was well for them that their defence was grand. Harris kept in close touch with Wright, and if at times he showed a tendency to lie too far afield he kept the defence anxious. Leitch and Bowie were playing their accustomed game, and Whittle crossed with accuracy, but the visitors' defence refused to be beaten. The excitement on both sides had a tendency to spoil the finer points of the game, when a little coolness and judgment would have been to more advantage.

Towards the close both sides put their greatest energy into their work, and both goals had narrow escapes. The honours of the day fell to the respective defences, which all through were too strong for the forwards. If Partick had the pull in the second half, it only balanced Morton's superiority in the first.

For the home side, Ferguson did well, and was splendidly supported by Adams and Bulloch. M'Mullan was the best half, and Leitch and Bowie at forward. Morton's entire defence was grand, and during their pressure Gourlay, Stevenson, and Seymour were best.

Partick Thistle, 0; Morton, 0.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch; Durnin, Gardiner, and M'Mullan; Whittle, M'Tavish, Neil Harris, Leitch, and Bowie.

Morton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; J. Stevenson, Wright, and M'Lean; M'Nab, Gourlay, Parker, R. Stevenson, and Seymour.

AYR RAID BY DUNDEE.

History repeated itself when Dundee triumphed over Ayr United by 2-1.

For a long time it looked as if Ayr would create a surprise, for the character of their play showed visions of a first defeat for Dundee at Somerset.

The Northerners have Brown, their energetic centre, to thank for blighting the hopes of the Ayr crowd, his play in the second half being the one redeeming feature of a very poor game. Thirty minutes or thereby had gone when Ayr scored their goal, W. Cringan heading into the net a finely-placed ball from a corner kick. Dundee made several likely incursions into Ayr territory, but time and again one or other of the forwards got offside at the crucial moment.

The second moiety was well advanced when Brown, by dint of clever work, was able to send across to Fisher, and that player made no mistake with a ball which found the root of the upright and rebounded into the net. Nesbit, the ex-Petershill player, had no chance with this shot, but his subsequent display greatly pleased the home crowd, who were not slow to show their appreciation when on one occasion he robbed Brown, cleverly throwing himself on the ball as the centre was about to flash it into the net. He could not, however, prevent Brown making good from a pass of Fisher's, which gave his side the victory. If only for the cleverer display of the forwards Dundee deserved the points. Ayr United were hopelessly out of it most of the game against a defence which was not brilliant by any means. For the visitors Ferguson, Stirling, Fisher, Brown, and Troup were perhaps the pick, while the losers were best served by Nesbit, Hay, M'Laughlan, and the brothers Cringan.

Ayr United, 1; Dundee, 2.

Ayr United—Nisbet (of Petershill); Barr and Hay; Waddell, W. Cringan, and M'Lachlan; Ingram, Montgomerie, Shankley, R. Cringan, and Yuille.

Dundee—Newman; Baxter and Ferguson; M'Intosh, Thomson, and Stirling; Fisher, Murray, Brown, M'Culloch, and Troup.

QUEEN'S DRAW.

Motherwell at Hampden provided quite an interesting game. The crowd was 8000. Motherwell were the better balanced and better playing team, but Queen's had all the better of the scoring chances.

Queen's started brightly when Alan Morton put in some fascinating work, which resulted in a couple of chances for Half-Back Cowan, who was narrowly off the target on both occasions. Then the 'Well showed their paces, and Brown all but did the trick from a flag kick well placed by Frank Kelly. The method of both sides were dissimilar. Motherwell went in for the close passing game, and Queen's relied on speed and dash to carry them through. The Lanarkshire men's game was the wrong one. They played the Queen's all ends up up to the defence. Then they found Thorpe and Neilson a couple of ungetatables. They had one fine shot from Frank Kelly which Ward had all the credit of clearing, but as a rule they meandered on with the wrong tactics all the first half. Closing in on the "45" Queen's put on steam, and a trifle effort was met with dog's luck. M'Millan drove hard against the crossbar, M'Dermid followed by shaking the upright, and Morton finished with a pot shot, which Rundell refused to let past him. There was a non-score at the turnover.

The second half found Jack as good as his master, and play was interesting. Alan Morton's lightning raids were the things that mattered. It took more than fairplay to stop him on occasion. M'Millan had a dandy effort, and so had Kelly at the other end, and Brown had a double which did not come off. It was a sporting finish, for the goal wanted to decide the issue, but neither lot of defenders made any mistakes, and the teams can cry quits in the divide.

The outstanding personality on the field was Brown, of Motherwell. He was the 'Well star, who in defence as well as in attack dominated the play. Motherwell carried no passengers, each and all playing a heady game, but Rundell, Murray and Brown were outstanding in defence, while forward Kelly and Morgan were the pick. Queen's did not touch standard form. Ward, Thorpe, and Neilson have all the credit of the division. Cowan the better half, and Alan Morton the one outstanding forward.

Queen's Park, 0; Motherwell, 0.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and T. Neilson, jun.; A. Cowan, J. G. Barry, and A. Ford; W. T. Aitken, H. M'Millan, R. F. M'Dermid, D. Templeton, and A. L. Morton.

Motherwell — Rundell; Murray and M'Skimming; M'Stay, Brown, and Stewart; Kelly, Ferguson, Finlayson, Gray, and Morgan.

AIRDRIE TRIO.

The game between Airdrieonians and Clyde was played on a snow-clad ground at Broomfield, and the footing was very bad. Airdrie forwards soon struck a likely game, and it was apparent that they were out to redeem themselves before their own followers. They had a good grip of things, and the surprise was that they did not lead by more than one goal at the interval. In the early moments of the game Yarnell was conspicuous with a shot of the rocket order, which Shingleton saved in a brilliant manner. The Airdrie forwards were quick and eager in their movements, and in fifteen minutes Donaldson rattled on the first goal with a shot from close quarters which the Clyde custodian had no chance to save. Clyde rallied to some purpose after this, and for a time their attack was a worrying affair. At goal, however, their efforts lacked vim. The left wings on both sides were specially active throughout, the astuteness of Shimmons giving him special honours against the others. Airdrie had more scoring charces than Clyde, and were value for their one goal lead at the interval.

Bad feeling crept into the game during the closing period, and some of the players were far too often inclined to use their fists instead of their feet. From a neatly-placed corner Kennedy headed a second goal, and this practically put the result beyond doubt. Nevertheless the pace in no way slackened. On the contrary, exchanges were extremely lively, and each goal was stormed in turn. Airdrieonians were superior at goal, and Yarnell crowned a good afternoon's work by volleying a shot into the net for the third goal. Clyde's only weakness was at goal. Airdrie's victory was no more than complete on play. So far as the defence of the clubs was concerned there was not much difference in merit. The Airdrie five worked in perfect unison and were more than value for the goals scored, whereas Clyde forwards dallied too much and aimed badly at the target.

Airdrieonians, 3; Clyde, 0.

Airdrie—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Thomson; Rankine, Anderson, Yarnell, Donaldson, and Patterson.

Clyde—Shingleton; Cowan and Farrell; Walker, M'Gee, and Neave; Morris, G. Watson, M'Gowan, Thomson, and Shimmons.

HEARTS BEATEN AT BOGHEAD.

Dumbarton deserved their victory over the Hearts at Boghead, where the Edinburgh club have never won a League game since the "Sons came back. Mercer and Sinclair were notable Tynecastle absentees. Black, the Hearts' goalkeeper, failed to appear, and Laidlaw, a half-back, went between the uprights. In ten minutes Cairney scored Dumbarton's first goal. It was a beauty, and the result of a pretty pass by Thom. Just after the same player was sailing in again, but Kiernan got him in time. Hearts equalised in twenty-five minutes through Connacher with a gem of a shot, which gave Miller no option. Gibb tested him with a red-hot thing, and Connacher, getting the ball as Miller was punting out, placed it in the net. Near the interval Ritchie beat Laidlaw for the second time from a Thom pass.

On resuming Thom got a third goal in four minutes. Ritchie on the run beat the opposition, and centred to Thom, who headed home. In fifteen minutes Cairney had a fourth goal from a pass by Ritchie. Hearts were outclassed latterly, and the game was the poorest yet played by the Edinburgh club at Boghead. For the winners Miller was as safe as the bank. M'Grory and Gunn defended well, with Raeside and Travers the best of the halves. Thom was the best forward on the field, and was well backed by Cairney and Ritchie. For a substitute Laidlaw did very well in the Hearts' goal. Kiernan, Nellies, Sharp, Gibb, and Cartmell were also good.

Dumbarton, 4; Hearts, 1.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Gunn; Travers, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, Garry, Cairney, M'Kim, and Thom.

Hearts—Laidlaw; Kiernan and M'Lean; Nellies, Conacher, and Ross; Gibb, M'Ewen, Sharp, Noble, and Cartmell.

HAMILTON HUMBLED AT KILMARNOCK.

At Douglas Park victory rested with the better team, although the score rather enhances their superiority. As goal-getters Killie's forwards were poor, and it was difficult for the ground club's supporters to realise that this was the side which had registered seven goals against Aberdeen. In the first half play was evenly balanced, and the likelier chances came the way of the Academicals. From a lovely cross by M'Neil, Kelly had no difficulty in heading the ball past Blair. Killie were as often in front of Craig as the Academicals were in the danger zone near Blair, but there was little or no sting about the visitors' attack. The ability was there up to a point, but it was not penetrative by any means.

It was in the second half that the ascendancy of the Academicals was most marked. Goals were got by Kelly and Graham, and but for remarkable agility on the part of Blair, Murphy, who was the finest forward on view, must have added another brace. After beating all opposition, he on two occasions volleyed fast balls into the custodian. Towards the end the visitors played with dash and spirit, but the Acas were bent on improving their goal register. Usually the most unreliable and inconsistent part of the team, the Academical attack was on this occasion both eager and thrustful. Nichol did not give a convincing display, but the others made up for his deficiency. M'Neil and Murphy played sparkling football. All the halves were good, with M'Namee the most aggressive. The backs were steady, and Craig did the little asked of him promptly and decisively.

Blair, for Kilmarnock, as a goalkeeper enhanced his reputation. Times innumerable he brought the ball down with his long reach when all seemed lost. Both backs kicked strongly, but under pressure their tackling was a trifle weak. The halves were plodders. Speed was the chief element in Killie's vanguard. They got to goal quickly, but they were neither resourceful nor 'cute when it came to outwitting Craig. M'Phail was probably the best of the lot.

Hamilton Acas., 3; Kilmarnock, 0.

Hamilton — Craig; Robertson and A. Miller; M'Lennan, M'Namee, and Paterson; M'Neil, Murphy, Graham, Kelly, and Nicol.

Kilmarnock — Blair; Hamilton and Patrick; Henderson, Goldie, and Johnstone; Fulton, Smith, Armstrong, Rutherford, and M'Phail.

HARD CHEESE FOR HIBS.

At Easter Road Falkirk accomplished what they were unable to do when the Hibs were at Brockville. Both sides showed a change, Muirhead deputising for Kilpatrick, and Comrie, of Bradford City, appearing at outside left for the Bairns, who were on the lead ere the game had well begun. It happened after three minutes' play, when Watson got hold, and, nearly rounding Paterson, put his side up with a ball which swerved in to M'Manus and beat him all the way. Much of the credit of this early success was due to the successful backing up of Harvie, who did nippy work on the right.

Hibs replied strongly, Lennie and Fleming being prominent in an attack which was frustrated by Stewart's granting an abortive corner. Hibs for a considerable time predominated, and Campbell was making himself troublesome to the defence with his slipping and accurate crosses. Twice in rapid succession Stewart handled from the ex-Cowdenbeath winger, but that was all the Hibs got. At the other end Shearer missed a pinch. Simpson was little in evidence this half, so well did Davie Gordon attend to him. Watson had a possible chance to repeat his previous performance, but this time he was off the mark. Hibs' assaults on the Falkirk citadel were well looked after by Stewart, who was in one of his best moods. To him largely is due the fact that Falkirk's register was intact so long. It was well-nigh on the interval ere Hibs got the equaliser. It was a beauty. Lennie did the work. He brought the leather up the right wing, beating M'Culloch and Donaldson en route. Smith finished it off, and it was on play well deserved.

The resumption brought another sensational goal, Falkirk again netting. Comrie shot from well out. M'Manus looked like getting it, but allowed the ball to slither over his hand into the net. More vim from the Hibs followed, and a melee in front of Stewart saw Falkirk's goal run a very narrow escape. Stewart was beaten and out of position, but Donaldson, between the sticks, headed out. Orrock was injured and carried off. He did not resume, but Harvie filled the spot to perfection with Watson performing at right-half.

Despite all assaults, Falkirk's defence prevailed. Hibs were unlucky to lose. Stewart was Falkirk's man. He was in rare fettle, and saved his side. Donaldson and Orrock were steady, with Harvie and Comrie strong in the intermediate line. The Falkirk forwards were only moderate, and lacking in leadership. On the Hibs' side Gordon, Kerr, and Lennie were the strong points.

Hibs, 1; Falkirk, 2.

Hibs—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Kerr, Paterson, and Gordon; Lennie, Fleming, Muirhead, Smith, and Campbell.

Falkirk—Stewart; Orrock and Donaldson; Harvie, A. Comrie, and M'Culloch; Simpson, Watson, Shearer, Croal, and Currie (Armadale).

ST MIRREN COME AGAIN.

A remarkably fast game was the outcome of the visit of Third Lanark to Paisley. But in contrast to this was the scarcity of real scoring chances which cropped up. There were barely half a dozen in the opening half. Marshall was favoured with almost the first twelve minutes after the start and made excellent use of it. The ball whizzed past Brownlie's upraised hands into the net. Quite as good an opening came M'Lean's way. David took his head to it, but headed past when he had several yards of open goal to choose from. Marshall was a big source of trouble to the visitors' defence—and to Mackie in particular. The back became flustered at times, and on one occasion he miskicked completely. Brownlie, however, beat Marshall in a race for the ball and succeeded in averting a goal.

The Saints shaped better after the interval, and several times came within an ace of increasing the goal margin. Marshall was well supplied, and had one or two unavailing tries before he had the satisfaction of scoring again. The manner in which the second goal came was quite unexpected. The centre forward had his back to Brownlie when the ball came to him. He took a chance header, and turned the ball into goal. Brownlie was in position to save, but allowed the leather to roll out of his hands into the net. This was a stroke of luck for the Saints, but it was balanced later when M'Cormack stepped in and saved, with Brownlie helpless. The double reverse did not discourage Third Lanark, who plodded away doggedly. If they had played as well in front of goal as they did in midfield the balance against them might have been wiped out. M'Lean was so well watched that he found it a difficult matter to manœuvre for a shot. In the closing stages the Saints hemmed in their opponents without, however, being able to increase their lead. Callaghan, Dixon, Walls, Higginbotham, and Marshall were St Mirren's best, and for Third Lanark M'Cormack, Hannah, Bisset, and Weir were outstanding.

St Mirren, 2; Third Lanark, 0.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Reid and Callaghan; W. Brown, Dixon, and Walls; Higginbotham, Turner, Marshall, Lindsay, and A. Brown.

Third Lanark—Brownlie; M'Cormack and Mackie; Walker, Hannah, and Brown; Bisset, Weir, M'Lean, Sutherland, and Thomson.

TWO-TWO AT TONTINE.

Renton and Albion Rovers met in an inter-County League match at Tontine Park. Rovers were rather the better lot in the first half, but were a trifle lucky to lead 2-0 at the interval. In twenty-two minutes a mistake by M'Donald allowed Welsh to run in and net. Just on the interval Galbraith scored another for the Rovers from a penalty kick.

In the second half Renton had all the play, and the visitors were fortunate to take away a point. Rankin failed to convert a penalty for Renton. Busby scored Renton's first goal fifteen minutes from the end. Hannah followed with the equaliser. Best for Renton—Henderson, Riley, Harrison, Hosie, Hannah, and M'Naught; and for Rovers—Hudson, Crossan, Thom, Ewan, Wallace, and Galbraith. Renton, 2; Albion Rovers, 2.

DONS' DISCOVERY.

Aberdeen achieved a noteworthy performance in securing a well-merited victory over Rangers at Pittodrie. The Light Blues were deprived of the services of M'Kenna from six minutes before the interval till the finish, but it is questionable if at full strength—Scott Duncan was absent—the result would have been different. Rangers, with sun and wind, had the best of matters for half an hour, but sound defence and poor finishing were responsible for their failure to pierce the net. Aberdeen came away strongly during the next quarter of an hour, and after Hempsey had had a few frights Ambler made the most of a corner finely placed by Wylie.

This success meant much for the Dons. After that they really never looked back, and in the second period was a minute gone when Wylie rapped a splendid effort with a magnificent goal. Occasionally the Ibrox men had a look in, and midway through the first a mistake on the part of the Aberdeen defence gave Duncan at last a chance to score. He netted in simple fashion. This unexpected point spurred on the Northerners, and two minutes later Wylie again did the trick, completely deceiving Hempsey. Ranson made a few spasmodic efforts to reduce the leeway, but with one or two exceptions his attempts were of little account. Aberdeen, on the other hand, practically carried all before them, and, with the backs wavering, Hempsey had an anxious time. So persistent was the pressure that kicking-out tactics were freely indulged in. The game was far from brilliant, and the Rangers' display was disappointing. They missed Mackenna, but even when he was present they did not impress. John Wyllie's play at pivot was a revelation, his two goals being specials and his feeding of the wings excellent. Cail and Wylie were next in line. The halfs were good, with Brewster shielding, and Anderson, Colman, and Calder were as sound as a bell.

Aberdeen, 3; Rangers, 1.

Aberdeen—Anderson; Colman and Calder; Perry, Brewster, and Robertson; Milne, Walker, J Wyllie, Cail, and W. Wylie.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Muir; Law, Riddell, and M'Kenna; Cairns, Cail, C. Duncan, Martin, and Croot.

CLYDEBANK CONQUER ABERCORN.

By their victory over Abercorn Clydebank have now secured four points in the Western League competition at the expense of the Paisley club. The game was fast, and there was hardly a dull moment. The homesters opened well, and, with only three minutes gone, Martin converted a fine cross from Murphy. Abercorn retaliated with the utmost vigour, and a sparkling display was given by Wightman, Page, and R. Spiers. It was from one of Wightman's lovely passes that Spiers was enabled to level the score. The same player gave his team the lead, the result of a capital individual effort. The homesters could make nothing of the Abercorn defence, but soon Bolger found an opening, and again the scores were level.

The second half was characterised by skilful play by both teams, and it seemed as if the defences were to prevail to the end, when Goldie, for Clydebank, got away, and sent the ball into the net, far out of the goalkeeper's reach. The finest goal of the match was that scored by Shortt, who, entering the ball at midfield, dashed ahead and smartly rounded the backs, giving the goalman no chance. It was a hard-contested game throughout, and the teams were very evenly balanced. Wightman, Page, R. Spiers, Menzies, and Clark were prominent for Abercorn, whilst for Clydebank the smartest were Goldie, Martin, Shortt, Murphy, and Ferguson.

Clydebank, 4; Abercorn, 2.

VALE OF LEVEN PIPPED.

Stevenston United and Vale of Leven met in a Western Cup tie at Stevenston. The game was keenly contested, and, although Stevenston pulled off the tie, there were moments when the result was doubtful. In the first half United scored twice, on each occasion Connelly being responsible for the finishing touch. The first goal was the outcome of clever play by Tom Hamilton and Goldie, and the second finished smart work by Farrell and Carrick Hamilton. The Vale had several good opportunities to score, but failed.

In the second half, the Vale were the more promising lot. Their first goal was scored by Anderson, who took advantage of a miss from Clark and netted the ball. Prior to this their goalkeeper, Robb, had to retire injured, and the Vale finished the game with ten men. There was no further scoring.

Best for Stevenston—Connelly, Farrell, and Hamilton; while for Vale Clark, Anderson, and Mitchell were the outstanding players. Stevenston United, 2; Vale of Leven, 1.

LOCHGELLY'S FINE WIN.

Lochgelly United got the better of the Dunfermline Athletic in their Eastern League game by three goals to one. It is just three months since the United were the winning side, and the victory was all the more pleasant. During the first half Dunfermline attacked persistently, and really Morgan was called upon to handle. Play crossed over leading by 1-0.

On the resumption Lochgelly made a great effort, and scored three goals in rapid succession, Goodwin being the scorer each time. The latter showed fine football, and it was through his efforts that Goodwin got his goals. Dunfermline were disappointing in the latter period, and it was only Adams who kept the score against them down. Brewster was the most outstanding man on the home side, while Brown was the mainstay of the half-back line.

Lochgelly, 3; Dunfermline Athletic, 1.

BROXBURN LEAVE THE FIELD.

East Stirlingshire and Broxburn met at Falkirk. Chalmers scored for the visitors from a corner. The homesters, who had the better of the exchanges, equalised from the penalty, Muir converting. East Stirlingshire maintained a spirited attack on the Broxburn goal after the change of ends, and after some ten minutes' play J. Logan scored a well-taken goal. By this time the visitors had rid themselves of some of the nervousness that had characterised their play in the earlier stages of the game, and the ball was seldom away from the Broxburn goal. In thirty minutes Broxburn team left the field on the call of one of the players.

East Stirlingshire, 2; Broxburn, 1.

COWDENBEATH DRAW.

East Fife and Cowdenbeath met at Methil in an Eastern League game. There was no scoring in the first half. The second half saw East Fife start by pressing the ball into M'Kinlay's hands within a minute, and Cowdenbeath replied with a similar attempt in equally short time. A mistake by the Methil back as to offside allowed Mackay to get through, but Paterson saved the situation, and again Methil took command of the game. M'Mahon worked for a goal, but Roberts netted. Cowdenbeath did not long lie in arrears, Walls tipping the ball nicely from a corner. Methil men then fell away, the defence alone saved them. Cowdenbeath looked winners all the way, but the teams had to be content with one goal each.

FOOT RACING AT EDINBURGH.

The spring season of pedestrianism at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, was opened yesterday, when a half-mile handicap, run off in one heat, formed the attraction. For an opening handicap no fault could be found with the entry received, eighty-five names appearing on the card. The mile handicap winner at the recent Yuletide gathering, T. Maxwell, Edinburgh, formed the basis of the handicap, having a start of 45 yards, while the limit ran up to 90 yards. The prize-money at issue was £6 in three prizes. The weather was fine for outdoor enjoyment, and the track was in the pink of condition. Result:—1 T. Barclay, Edinburgh (75); 2 J. M'Millan, Hawick (75); 3 T. Connolly, Whitburn (80). Betting—6 to 4 on M'Millan; 2 to 1 agst Barclay; 4 to 1 Corrie, Edinburgh (60); 6 to 1 Neil, Mid-Calder (60); 10 to 1 others.

Thirty runners faced the starter. The race produced a grand struggle for supremacy in the last hundred yards between the placed men. Won by two yards, with Connolly three yards away third. Time, 1 min. 59 sec.

BILLIARDS.

Falkiner (in play), ...	8750
Stevenson, ...	6385

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast fifteen correct results. There is **NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.**

The competitor who gives the fifteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the fifteen correct results a consolation prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the consolation prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of fifteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, February 10.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw leave the name of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any reader may send in as many efforts as may be desired, but each forecast must be written on a separate form. These forms, together with any used from the "Weekly News," may be posted in one envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON FEBRUARY 10.

Bolton Wand.	v. Rochdale.
Port Vale	v. Everton.
Preston N.E.	v. Blackburn Rov.
Oldham Athletic	v. Manchester C.
Bradford City	v. Bradford.
Chesterfield T.	v. Rotherham Co.
Leicester Fosse	v. Sheffield Wed.
Sheffield United	v. Birmingham.
Arsenal	v. Fulham.
Southampton	v. Millwall.
Crystal Palace	v. Tottenham H.
Dundee	v. Partick This.
Morton	v. Celtic.
St Mirren	v. Hamilton A.
Raith Rovers	v. Airdrieonians.

I enter this Competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special" Office, 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, February 7.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST.

Matches Played January 27.

No one forecasted fifteen results correctly in this contest, but one reader submitted a form showing one error, and our Consolation Prize of £10 is therefore awarded to R. Robson, 83 Diana Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Bill Morrison is a guid auld yin. The ex-Rovers back put in some telling work at Firhill.

Referee Peter Grant came in for some "barracking" at Firhill over his offside decisions.

Ormonde was the finest back on view at Firhill. His kicking was something to enthuse about.

Tommy Adams got a cheer on his reappearance in the Thistle team at the Queen's Cross enclosure.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

The concluding rounds of the handicap begun on January 20 were run off, as were also nineteen heats of a new handicap. 1st semi-final—1 Mr Clark's Less Trouble (57½), 2 Mr Strawhorn's Bright Star (40½). 2d semi-final—1 Mr Boyle's Jimmy Wild (39½), 2 Mr Cowan's Reliable (42½). 3d semi-final—1 Mr Smillie's Fishwife (43), 2 Mr Gray's Innocence (56½). Final — 1 Mr Boyle's Jimmy Wild, 2 Mr Cowan's Reliable, 3 Mr Clark's Less Trouble. Also Ran—Bright Star, Fishwife, and Innocence. Betting—3 to 1 on Jimmy Wild, 6 to 1 each agst Less Trouble and Reliable, 12 to 1 others. Won by half a yard.

New Handicap—First and second in heats—Mr Latta's Fairy King (41) and Mr Murray's Wee Sam (38½), Mr M'Harry's Soft Lass (30½) and Mr Lawrence's Newhouse Lass (43), Mr Gilpin's Maria Theresa (34½) and Mr Young's Ayrshire Lad (41), Mr Kelly's Casino (35½) and Mr Dempster's Chiming Bells (34), Mr Mackie's Ruby (45½) and Mr M'Cruden's Wild Lassie (45½), Mr Gibson's Go Bang (38) and Mr Bob's Peg o' the Ring (36½), Mr Dickson's White Feet (35) and Mr Gunn's Miss Hamilton (27½), Mr Mack's Mary II. (37) and Mr Carrigan's Jellyhill Boy (42), Mr Campbell's Marry Me (45) and Mr Coutt's Chance (34) and Mr Allan's Glory (41½)—dead heat, Mr Clinton's Stockton Lassie (35) and Mr Leighton's Sun Yat (38), Mr Reid's Gather Up (40), Mr Gorman's Grecian Girl (37) and Mr Kane's Nan (42½), Mr Rae's Verdun (37) and Mr Burke's Barbara (40), Mr Strawhorn's Wellington Lad (29) and Mr Little's Billy Hogg (41).

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The weekly handicap took place on Mr Richardson's grounds yesterday. There was an increased entry, and some very close finishing was the result. The programme included the final rounds in the previous week's handicap, and resulted as follows:—1st semi-final—1 Mac's Stonewall (38), 2 Marshall's Armadale Jock (46). 2d semi-final—1 Bell's Utmost (48), 2 Deans' Sun Queen (47). Final—1 Utmost, 2 Sun Queen. Betting—5 to 2 on winner.

Eighteen heats in a new handicap were afterwards run off. Winners—Brown's Saucy Sarah (50), M'Knight's No Good (47), Mackrell's Look Sharp (45), M'Cabe's Sparkling Kate (46), Johnston's Fil de Fer (40), Sneddon's Sir (49), Wilson's Wee Jean (40), Dysart's Little Nan (45), Cox's Chapelhall Boy (50), Fullarton's Brambie Boy (44), Key's Pat Breslin (46), M'Cabe's Black Knight (50), Doyle's Shady Boy (42), Potter's Little Annie (49), Mason's Poor Luck (48), M'Callum's Only Lass (40), Gibson's Lad (48). Made-up heat—My Pal.

Dundee have yet to drop full points at Ayr.

Renton appear to be a good "drawing" team.

Hearts of Beath say good-bye to the Scottish.

Falkirk and Dundee share the honours as away winners.

Manager Wilton's boys went "down" at the far north.

Celts, still on the upgrade, draw away from all opposition.

Aberdeen provided het "cail" for the Rangers at Pittodrie.

On the day's show "Patsy's" play was worthy the ovation accorded.

Brown, centre half of Motherwell, was the outstanding player at Hampden.

Morton did not feel at all pleased at leaving a point to the "Jags" at Firhill.

Third Lanark, with the same side that drew with Celts, went under at Love Street.

The champions visit Greenock next week-end. Who'll be the "weak"-enders?

Raith Rovers have still the forward problem to solve. No easy matter these days.

You can put it down that Rangers were outplayed at the Granite City. It's a hard fact.

The feature of the Dundee game at Ayr was the display of Soldier Brown second half.

What a side Motherwell would be if their finishing was on a par with their outfield play.

Raith Rovers kept their end up against the Celts for seventy minutes, and then collapsed.

Gallagher galvanised the Celts' attack against the Fifers. His was a welcome return.

Referee Alec Edward is likely to be off the game for a period, having strained a leg tendon.

Anderston Thornbank "peeled" at one in the Scottish tie at Jamestown. A great return, Joe.

Chas. Shaw's talk to the referees showed that he has the rules of the game well memorised.

Nisbet, of Petershill, who has signed for Ayr, made a favourable impression on his first appearance.

Durnin and Stanley Seymour had some rare tussles at Firhill Park, and both were frequently on the carpet.

There's to be no dilution, say the seniors, but Nisbet, of Petershill, has taken the plunge he has withstood so long.

The only draws in the First League tourney were at Partick and Mount Florida. There was not a score in either game.

Among the Glasgow Junior League returns, that of Glencairn's against Cambuslang Rangers can be written down as the best.

Manager Hunter was a much-worried man at Hampden. Fifteen to go and only five men forward. The stragglers' arrival eased his mind.

Celts scored more goals against the Rovers than they have compiled since the 9th December. Put it down to the "live work" at work.

Ask the man in the crowd whether Neish or Brown is the more reliable keeper, and you'll learn that Raith Rovers are playing the wrong man.

Jamie Wilson, the Queen's back, straight from France, was at the Hampden match. The Kilwinning boy is home for a commission, and is in the "pink."

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE. Used by Doctors and the Public in all parts of the World for upwards of 60 years.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Best Remedy Known for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a "Dr. COLLIS BROWNE." Of all chemists. 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

IN PAIN! WHY?

ANTIKAMNIA ELIMINATES PAIN. Free Trial To-Day.

Are you in pain? This is a question you will hear daily, and to be able to relieve pain, whether it be a slight nervous headache or the most excruciating sufferings of neuralgia or rheumatism, brings the height of pleasure to both patient and doctor.

Touching this point, a well-known doctor (M.D.) says Antikamnia Tablets have become favourites with members of the medical profession; they are very reliable in all kinds of pain, and act at once. To stop pain quickly the dose is one tablet, repeat 10 minutes later if necessary.

Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief in all pains due to rheumatism, headache, sciatica, neuralgia, toothache gout, and are especially useful for all conditions known as women's aches and pains.

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe, and leave no unpleasant after effects, and in 92 per cent. of all cases they stop the pain immediately.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send your name and address in postcard will do) to the Antikamnia Tablet Dept. (A29), 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet absolutely free of charge.

TURF TIPS.

The Colonel's Nap Selections for Hawthorn Hill are:—

Wednesday, February 7.

12.30.—Lord Ninian (nap); Old Blue next best.
1.15.—George B. (nap); Angus next best.
1.45.—Bethlehem (nap); Fair Oaks next best.
2.15.—Whittaker's Selected (nap); Veni next best.
2.45.—Lamentable (nap); Blow Pipe next best.
3.15.—The Gunyah (nap); Transvaal next best.

Thursday, February 8.

12.30.—Dublin Bay (nap); Old Blue next best.
1.15.—Prince Francis (nap); Sabaria next best.
1.45.—Regal (nap); Elgon next best.
2.15.—Fitz James (nap); Prince Edgar next best.
2.45.—Red Sunset (nap); Abakur next best.
3.15.—Blueground (nap); Appleton next best.

HUDSON'S

HUDSON'S SOAP has many life-long friends because it has been a life-long friend to many. Many are its uses in the home. It is splendid for washing clothes, splendid for cleaning paintwork, splendid for scrubbing white woodwork, splendid for "washing-up" after meals.

It is the best of friends, the most economical of friends. The most wholesome of friends. The long test is the sure test of its unvarying qualities. That old people find pleasure in its use is one of the greatest testimonials for Hudson's Soap.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

R S HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH & LONDON.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1917.

A PEEP DOWN THE GUN.

These boys are mascots who have been "adopted" by some French gunners. They are orphans, and whenever possible they pay a visit to the battery, where they can find their friends.

"THE LADIES IN BLUE."

Topical.

The Ministry of Munitions require 300 lady constables for work in munition actories, &c., to guard women workers and to prevent carelessness. The pay on joining is at the rate of 25s per week, and as soon as the recruit obtains her uniform she is paid at the rate of £2 per week. Photo shows recruits fitting on their boots.

GLASGOW V.C. AND PAT BELL.

Just before he left for France Sergeant Downie, V.C., of Glasgow, expressed a wish to be photographed with his Dundee cousin, Pat Bell, the well-known Scottish comedian, who is at present touring the halls in the West.

"THREE CHEERS" AT SALONIKA.

Topical.

These men have the winning smile. They are at Salonika, and they are returning to camp after participating in a successful enterprise. It is a British official photograph.

A SCOTTISH WEDDING IN LONDON.

A Scottish wedding of great interest took place at St Michael's, Chester Square, London. The parties were Miss Rachael Audrey, younger daughter of Mr Colin and Lady Angela Campbell of Everlands, Sevenoaks, and Mr Godfrey Middleton Bosville Macdonald, O.C., British Red Cross Stores Transport, only son of Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald of the Isles, of Thorpe Hall, Bridlington, Yorkshire, and Duntuim, Portree, Isle of Skye.

ALL OUT TO WHACK THE HUNS.

N.I.

The supply of shells continues to pour out of the factories in never ceasing thousands, men and women willingly assisting in the transit. A scene that goes on all day in a French arsenal. (French official photograph.)

COLLEEN'S HEROISM GOES UNREWARDED.

L.N.A.

A strange story of heroism unrewarded has just come to light by the arrival in London of Mrs Kathleen Pierce, who, while fighting was going on during the Dublin rebellion, rescued an officer and a soldier, under heavy fire, on Mount Street Bridge. Her companion at the time, Miss Louise Nolan, has since been awarded the Military Medal, and the two girls have been described by the Red Cross as the bravest nursing in Ireland.

ALLEGED PLOT AGAINST MR LLOYD GEORGE AND MR HENDERSON.

C.N.

The revelations concerning the alleged plot against the Premier (Mr Lloyd George) and Mr Henderson created one of the biggest sensations of the war. The photo shows the three women, who were arrested, just before they entered the dock at the Derby Police Court. Their names are:—Alice Wheeldon (aged 50) and her two daughters, Harriet Ann Wheeldon, otherwise Hetty Wheeldon (27), of Peartree Road, Derby, Winnie Mason (28), of Millbrook Road, Southampton. Inset—Alfred George Mason (28), the latter's husband.

DUNDEE MAN'S GREAT RECORD.

Corpl. R. Goodman, 6 Ferlar Road, Dundee, of the 35th Heavy Battery R.G.A., one of the "Contemptible Little Army," who has been home on leave for the second time. He has been through every big British engagement on the western front, having come through unscathed. He has been decorated with the D.C.M. and the French Croix de Guerre for repairing telephone wires under heavy fire at Ypres.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.